STOP and THINK.

TWENTY, Thirty, or Forty years on the road of life it is time for you to stop and think seriously as to what your position may be ten or fifteen years hence.

Why not start now to make *certain* provision for the future by means of Endowment Assurance? Should you unfortunately die before the policy matures the full amount plus profits due at the time would be paid to your wife, family, or dependents, without any deduction or future liabilities.

Send a postcard to-day for full particulars.

EAGLE STAR & BRITISH DOMINIONS INSURANCE CO., LTD., 82, Moorgate St., London, E.C.2. Head Office: British Dominions House, Royal Exchange Avenue, London, E.C.3.

Turn to p. 18 for the "J.B." PEN COUPON.

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXV. No. 676. SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1919. TWOPENCE.

[*Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.*]

Drink and enjoy Lipton's Tea

If you want the Best Tea, go to the firm that grows it.

The Largest Tea Distributors, Manufacturers, and Retailers of Food Products in the World.

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Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

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ENTER AT ONCE.

1st Prize	£10	0 0
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and Hundreds of Prizes ranging from £4 to 10/- each.

Full Particulars from
GODFREY PHILLIPS, Ltd.,
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HAVE WE BEEN SOLD?

RHEUMATISM.

Special Offer to Sufferers

FREE SAMPLE BOTTLE OF

"ODDS ON" OILS.

"Odds On" Oils rubbed into the painful part will effect instant relief and cure. They impart softness and freedom to the joints.

SAMPLE FREE

So sure are the proprietors of the value of "Odds On" Oils that they are making a special offer of a **FREE TRIAL BOTTLE**, post paid.

Do not suffer longer helpless. On sale at **BOOTS' 550 Branches** and other chemists, in 1/3 and 2/- bottles, or sent direct post free on receipt of 1/6 or 3/6 from

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THE MOST WONDERFUL VALUE IN THE RAINCOAT WORLD TO-DAY

You will want a new Raincoat sooner or later, so don't put the matter off until it does rain and then buy the first you see.

If you seek greater Style and greater value, the coat for you is the beautifully tailored, proper fitting "SARTOR" Raincoat. It is only because we are the actual Manufacturers that we can afford to sell them at the astonishingly low price of

29/6

So don't delay another day, and if you are not perfectly satisfied we willingly refund your money. Made in reliable quality Gabardine Cloth, in various shades, fully lined, check fabric, with smart belts and buckles. Ladies' Maids' and Youths' all in stock.

Write TO-DAY for FREE PATTERNS and Fashion Booklet.

SARTOR MANUFACTURING CO.
(DEPT. J), 53, OXFORD ROAD, MANCHESTER.

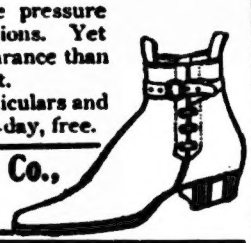
This boot gives ease

and comfort to troubled feet. Takes about 4 seconds to fasten up and is cheaper than "ordinary" boots.

Southall's Ready laced boot

has no seams, thick tongues, metal eyelets, or bulky laces to irritate the feet. Being made in one piece, it can give naturally to any part of the foot where there may be undue pressure due to corns or bunions. Yet it's smarter in appearance than the conventional boot.

Send for further particulars and self-measure form to-day, free.



R. Southall & Co., Northampton.

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VITADATIO

THE MEDICINE THAT

CURES

WHEN OTHER TREATMENTS FAIL. Recently held up by shipping shortage, are now arriving from Australia in normal quantities, and the rationing of this GREAT AUSTRALIAN REMEDY IS REMOVED. Sufferers from

TUMOURS, TUBERCULOSIS, ABSCESSES, ULCERS, INTERNAL GROWTHS, LIVER, KIDNEY, AND STOMACH TROUBLES,

May procure it at all Chemists and Stores, or post free from VITADATIO AGENCY, LTD., Dept. J.B., 3, Park Square, Leeds. Send 6d. for Sample Bottle and testimonials.

THE BAIRNIES LOVE

Fry's PURE BREAKFAST Cocoa

Delicious in flavour and tempting for little folks they look forward to Fry's Cocoa at all times. It is wonderfully strengthening and easily digested.

As Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., etc., says:

"THERE IS NO BETTER FOOD."

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The SUPER

MIXTURE & CIGARETTES

1/11 for 2 oz. 20 for 1/4.

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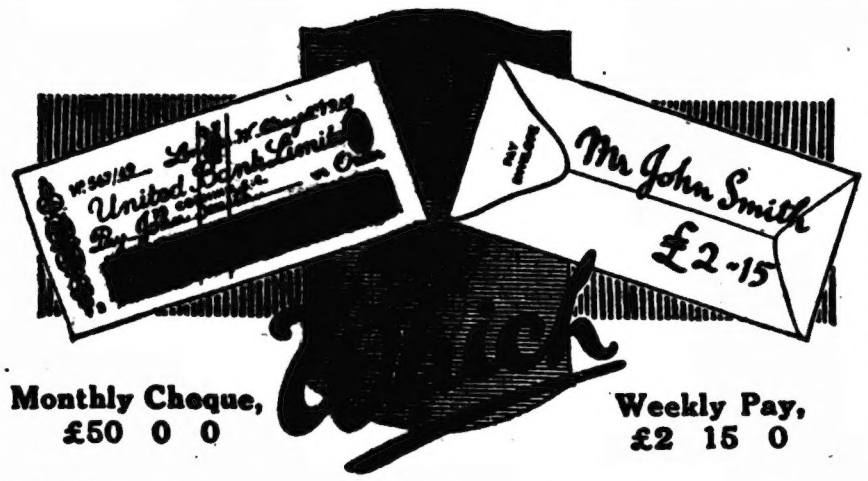

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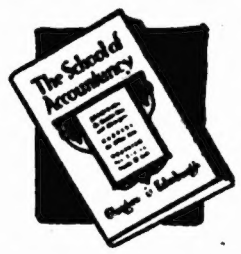
You can choose your salary

There is no "If" or "But" about getting a big salary. It is simply a question of training and qualifications. There are more responsible posts waiting than there are men qualified to fill them. Any man of average education can fit himself to be a Manager, Accountant, Secretary, Cashier, Chief Book-keeper, etc. Have you ambition and sufficient keenness to train for a "Big" job. The School of Accountancy, through its Postal Courses, has trained thousands of men—no cleverer than you—to fill such positions. It can train you, in your spare time. The training is adapted to your own personal requirements, and capacity. The moderate fee is the same, whether instruction is rapid or spread over a long period.



FREE BOOK

A simple affair to write for this book, yet in thousands of cases it has been the stepping off stone from the office stool to the managerial chair. Write for it to-day; it may be the most important thing you ever did in life. The book gives full particulars of all the courses and terms, and gives names and addresses of successful students, to whom reference can be made. It is free and post free. You will incur no obligation.

FREE BOOK. THE SCHOOL OF ACCOUNTANCY
2, West Regent Street, GLASGOW.

Please send me, free and post free, copy of booklet advertised in "John Bull," 17 5/19

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

If Food Disagrees Take Bisurated Magnesia.

Nearly everybody suffers at times after eating. Many can rarely eat without suffering the most excruciating agony. Some people call this indigestion, some dyspepsia, others gastritis; but no matter what you call it, no matter how many remedies or how many doctors you may have tried, instant relief may usually be obtained by taking half a teaspoonful of Bisurated Magnesia in a little hot water immediately after meals. This instantly neutralises the acid and stops food fermentation, the cause of nine-tenths of all stomach trouble, and thus enables the stomach to proceed with digestion in a painless, normal manner. Care should be taken to insist on getting the genuine Bisurated Magnesia which, owing to its marvellous properties, is now sold by chemists everywhere at 3/- for a large bottle, under a binding guarantee of satisfaction, or money back, which protects users against all risk of disappointment or loss.

Bisurated Magnesia can now be obtained of all Chemists in mint-flavoured tablets as well as in the ordinary powdered form. *(Advt.)*

THE PLAGUE CROSS.

In the days of the Great Plague of London every house wherein a victim lay was marked with a bold cross, to warn people that there was infection therein.

To-day a hidden plague, scarcely less terrible, which claims its hundreds of thousands of victims every year, is rampant in England. But because people have been ashamed to talk about it, few, outside its victims, know how terrible it is. It is the plague of Venereal Disease—Syphilis, "the bad disorder," and Gonorrhœa, almost as grave. If every house which contained a victim were marked with a cross to warn people against infection, you would be amazed to see how many crosses there would be on the doors of just one street. But since there are no warnings, men and women do not realise the risks they run.

The man who enters the door where some loose woman lives, imagining foolishly that he is going for enjoyment, is often actually going to his doom. It may well be that he contracts a disease which corrupts the whole blood, and, if untreated, will make his life a burden and torment for years. It will be too late then to wish that he had kept his love sacred for some pure girl whom he hopes to marry. Long treatment must take place and weary months elapse before the doctor can give him again a clean bill of health, and a guarantee that his children will not perish one by one in infancy.

There are some girls, too, who think it is up-to-date to have a fling before marriage. They may mean it in all innocence, but it is playing with fire, and a sudden temptation may ruin their hopes of a happy marriage and condemn them to years of infective disease.

Anyone who has been foolish enough to take the risk must at once consult a doctor, in order to avoid the appalling results which would ensue should the first stages of the disease be neglected.

Those who are in any doubt or difficulty should write for information and free literature to N.C.C.V.D., 81, Avenue Chambers, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1, marking the envelope "Medical."

The National Council provides neither prescriptions nor drugs.

This announcement is issued by the National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases, a responsible body recognised by the Government. President: Rt. Hon. Lord Sydenham. Vice-Presidents: The Bishop of Southwark, Sir Thomas Barlow, Bart., K.C.V.O., M.D., Chairman of Propaganda, Sir Malcolm Morris, K.C.V.O., F.R.C.S.E. General Secretary: Mrs. A. C. Gotto, O.B.E.

WHATEVER your position—you will appreciate our FREE Fire Insurance offer on page 26.

JOHN BULL

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them.

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Naught shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Vol. XXV. No. 676. Week ending Saturday, May 17th, 1919. Twopence.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL."

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Peace "Celebrations."

So the pumpuritans want all the public houses closed during the Peace celebrations. We suppose their idea of a jolly time would be singing hymns and eating buns.

Kitchener.

Many soldiers have written us, protesting against Lord French's criticisms of the dead Chief. We are sorry to say that we share their regrets.

Business Names.

What about an amendment of the recent Act, by making it compulsory for all names of partners to be prominently displayed outside the premises where the business is carried on?

"Making Life Miserable."

According to Lord William Gascoyne Cecil, Bishop of Exeter, "shorter hours make life miserable." If that be so, some of us ought to be very happy. Personally, we are thinking of introducing a Bill for a 36-hour day.

A Good Point.

We recently, in the House, referred to certain Government officials who stood whistling at their windows. And now we are reminded by the *Weekly Dispatch* that we have been too charitable, as most of these gentry are "too lazy even to whistle." We sit corrected.

Nelson's Love Letters.

Surely it is an outrage upon the memory of Lord Nelson that his private letters to Lady Hamilton should be put up to auction—especially as, in one of them, he says: "I burn all your letters and I wish you would burn all mine." Let the sale be stopped.

Previous Convictions.

Apparently, under the recent Act codifying the Larceny laws, it is legitimate to give evidence of previous convictions where the charge is one of receiving stolen goods. Surely this is a dangerous departure from the recognised principles of English justice?

A Dilemma.

According to the London Letter—we know those "London Letters"!—in the *Glasgow Evening Times*, the House cannot make up its mind whether we "honestly believe" ourselves "to be a great statesman," or whether we "are merely pulling the leg of the House." If the writer means the legs of some of our neighbours on the Front Bench which are always resting on the table and blocking the way to the Speaker's chair, we confess that we have often been tempted to perform the pulling operation.

Fame!

Thus the *Cardiff Echo*: "A Bill compelling Banks to disclose unclaimed balances and securities was read a first time in the Commons. Bottomley will be pleased." Such is fame.

Daniels Come to Judgment.

According to the *Evening Standard*, among the audience in the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery during our speech on the Debate was Mr. Daniels, the American "First Lord of the Admiralty." We hope we said nothing rude about Mr. Wilson on that occasion!

WHAT
WILL WIN THE DERBY?

£1,000
FOR THE ANSWER.

See Page iii of Cover.

Marriage Law Reform.

Our correspondence shows that a large number of clergymen are still in doubt as to whether they are entitled to solemnise a marriage between a widow and her late husband's brother. They naturally cannot understand that to do so is illegal, inasmuch as a widower may marry his late wife's sister. The answer is that the Law is "a ass."

A Trades Union Query.

This is what a West of England firm tells us:—"Four discharged soldiers, all wearing medals and capable of carrying out work to suit our requirements before the war, are now unable to obtain employment other than that of labourers, because the Joiners' Union for this district refuses to allow them to become members or work without doing so." What says the Union?

"Tainted" Money!

A strange story reaches us from the Stock Exchange. It appears that the members recently promoted a £5,000 "Sweep" on the Derby, and sent a cheque for ten per cent.—£500—to the Benevolent Fund of that institution. To their surprise, the Committee declined to accept the gift on the ground that "it savoured too much of gambling." Think of that—from the Committee of the Stock Exchange!

"Bottomley's Pit."

That is the name which they are beginning to call the House of Commons.

Mr. J. H. Bottomley.

Will readers please note that we are not the same person as this popular political lecturer? The confusion is sometimes very embarrassing—and one of us must have a deed-poll and change our name. Which shall it be?

Sir Alfred Mond.

There are persistent rumours that the egregious First Commissioner of Works is shortly to succeed Sir Albert Stanley at the Board of Trade. This would indeed be the Premier's crowning act of folly in Cabinet-making.

O, What a Fall!

Here is a precious gem from the *Niagara Falls Gazette*: "We declared war on Germany and entered the political arena of Europe to settle the future destiny of war." We were under the impression that the Niagara Falls were principally Canadian.

Our Double Nature.

The *Daily News* evidently thinks that we are built on a duplex plan—for whilst it regularly castigates us for our brutality towards the Hun and the "Conchy," it gives us generous praise for the part we played in securing more humane treatment of animals in connection with the Anæsthetics Bill.

Even Us.

Our contemporary, the *New Age*, says that a certain aspect of the Peace problem should be "obvious to the meanest intelligence," and then adds, "even Mr. Bottomley can understand it." We must see a mental specialist.

Sanity *v.* Socialism.

But we would fain hope that a sane, rather than a socialistic, paper—such as the *Journal of Commerce*—is more correct when it says that we are "making excellent headway among Members of all Parties in stimulating a movement to bend the actions of the House to sane and sensible business methods." So perhaps, after all, we won't see that specialist.

Fallen Printers.

Our good friend, Major Waldorf Astor—who still hopes to win the Derby with one of his horses—is to preside at the Printers' Pension Dinner on the 30th of this month, when the Prince of Wales will be present, and when it is hoped that by the generosity of the multitude which recognises its indebtedness to the printed word, adequate provision will be made for the 1,500 children of printers who have fallen in the war. Don't forget it.

A Matter of Degree.

Two "whole-time assistants" in the Mechanical Engineering Department are required by the Sunderland Education Committee. Each must possess "a University degree" and experience. The junior of the two is offered £200 a year. Should he prefer to accept £208 a year he had better answer another advertisement, from Battersea, for Rag Sorters—"4 good men wanted, £4 a week, hours 8 till 6, 1 o'clock on Saturdays." And no University degree needed, either.

The Clothing Ramp.

When you are asked the price of a gent's complete wardrobe, or a suit of flannels, don't swear at the tailor. Probably it isn't his fault. The leading wool-spinners are doing very nicely with an average profit of 7s. a pound, and from the reluctance of the Government to interfere it might be imagined that all Whitehall was a party to the plot. The remedy lies in the combination of consumers—on the lines of The People's League.

An Unfortunate Rule.

It often happens that a man not yet discharged from the Army or Navy looks ahead and endeavours to make timely provision for his return to civil life. In such cases, it seems a pity that the Army and Navy Pensioners' and Time-Expired Men's Employment Society should insist on a soldier or sailor being actually discharged before lifting a finger to help him. As one time-expired man puts it to us, "I am not such a fool as to place myself out of work for the doubtful advantage of registration on their books." There's a good deal in that.

Un-Fair Maids of Perth.

Queer is the taste of some women of Perth, who regularly visit German prisoners in the War Hospital there, sitting with them, giving them cigarettes and feeding them with cakes and chocolates. In the same hospital are Perth's soldiers of the Black Watch. Imagine the thoughts of those unbeatable Jocks when women of their own race pass them by and go on to fuss up and coddle the Jerrys! Can these females realise what would have happened to them had those same Jerrys been let loose amongst them? They shame their sex.

Scotch and Vulgar Fractions.

Whatever the amount of whisky at present allowable for issue, it is still invisible. For last month, it appears, the exhibition idiot who draws up the regulations for the Minister of Scotch decreed that the daily average of clearance was to be one-twenty-eighth of one-sixth of 50 per cent. of the half-yearly quantity delivered in 1916 with the addition of 25 per cent. Rumour has it that it took the mathematicians at the majority of the distilleries the greater part of the month to work out the allowable clearance—and that's why nobody got any.

Peace Celebrations.

A correspondent sends us a pertinent question: "As a man who has put in sixteen years' military service and has been partially disabled in this campaign, and who, through nothing but serving the cause in this war, finds himself, on demobilisation, over head and ears in debt for rent, food, insurance, etc., do you honestly think I could put out a flag and feel any touch of pride when I know that my landlord is wondering when I am going to pay up my three months' arrears of rent?" It is a terrible commentary upon our times that it is possible for such a query to be raised.

A Bit Off.

Men at the Carlisle Electricity Works have been granted the boon of a 48 hours' week. But it is a gift-horse whose teeth they are examining with disapproval, for a bit has been taken off their wages as well as off their hours. It need hardly be said that such a step is quite contrary to the spirit which should govern the new understanding between employers and their men.

Bricks and Brickmakers.

You cannot build houses without bricks, for even a wooden bungalow needs a brick chimney. So if the Government intends to get on with housing it should see to it that skilled bricklayers are not needlessly detained in the Services—doing fatigues. One man, married, in the Royal Marine Artillery, is anxious to set about making 2,000 bricks a day, if somebody will let him. And there are others.

"THE CASE OF CAROLINE."
See page 6.

Robbing the Taxpayer.

Cases are reported in which unemployed trade unionists have received strike pay and the Out-of-Work Donation at one and the same time. It is the duty of disinterested persons with knowledge of the facts to bring them to the notice of the proper authorities, in order that this shabby fraud upon the taxpayers may be brought home to its authors, and suitable penalties exacted.

Drawing on Stone.

While unemployment donations are given to such people, they are withheld from the right men. We instance an occurrence at Lutterworth, where an ex-soldier, by trade a litho artist, was offered a job at potato setting—no work and no pay on rainy days. Because he refused a task so completely out of his line, and also for bad pay, he was denied unemployment money. Being a litho artist, the man is perhaps expected by the Lutterworth Bureau to draw pictures, for his living, on the stones of the street.

Laundry Leeches.

Though the laundry leeches are still on the ramp, it is by no means clear that the increase in their wages bill is what they pretend it is. A woman who worked at a laundry in Kent says that the first week she was there she earned 18s. 2d. and the second week 19s. 3d., "sweating from 7.30 a.m. to 5 p.m., and more often from 6 a.m. until 6 or 8 at night." That prices of laundry materials have advanced we do not seek to deny, but they have certainly not advanced to the extortionate degree the laundry proprietors' trade union pretend.

Pluck Rewarded.

The story of the pluck of young William Hogg, of Kidderminster, is interesting from several points of view. It was in February last that two boys, sliding on the ice, suddenly went through it, and were in danger of drowning, when William happened along. Although in bad health, into the icy water he went, having to break through with his elbows to reach the lads—whose lives he saved. He spoiled his clothes and watch, and went to bed ill for a week. But he had his high reward. The Mayor presented him with a Certificate. And he had to lose a day's work to go and get it.

The First Doctors.

Doctors who joined up at the very start, sacrificing everything just as soldiers did, are entitled to all credit. But they are denied it. For instance, there is no 1914 or 1914-15 star for them; the thickheaded decision being that they were not "Expeditionary" men—which, by the way, they were officially held to be at the time. The snub is unworthy.

A Rare Scheme.

Here is another National Health Insurance gem. If through any misunderstanding an insured person has paid contributions in excess of his proper liability, he may ask for the money back again, but he won't get it. The rule is that the employer who stuck on the stamps must ask for the refund, and if he cannot or will not do it, the Commissioners are sorry, but there's no help for it. Say what you will, it is a grand scheme.

A Man Who Did.

One more atrocious injustice—this time from Stoke-on-Trent. A disabled officer, D.C.M., applied to the local Food Office for permission to sell certain rationed articles. It was refused him, on the ground that he was not selling such articles in 1916. Quite true, for in that year he was fighting in France. But it is a sin and a shame that a man, gas-poisoned, who was qualifying for the D.C.M. in 1916, should now be disqualified from earning a living because of his distinguished services. The control needs strangling with red tape.

Noah on Bolshevism.

Noah Ablett, miners' agent of Merthyr, recently indulged in his analyses of the meaning of Bolshevism. "A Bolshevik," cried Noah, "is a scientific Trades Unionist . . . Bolshevism is Socialism with working clothes on." If murder, rape and nameless mutilation constitute a trade, as they may almost be said to do in parts of Russia, then a Bolshevik is undoubtedly a scientific Trades Unionist. But that Bolshevism is also Socialism we must confess surprises us; for mutual slaughter and the bestial treatment of women have always struck us as being distinctly unsocial.

Between Two Stools.

At Warwick, an outfitter's assistant, desiring to "start on his own," sought a licence from the National Service Ministry, which, after full inquiry, was granted. A week after the shop was opened, the authorities changed their minds and revoked the licence. The unfortunate man cannot now return to his old situation, while his prospects of an independent position are postponed indefinitely—and this apparently without the least justification, not a single outfitter in Warwick, we are told, having had to close down his business as a consequence of the Military Service Acts.

Out of Bounds—and Reason.

Is H.M. the Queen, C. in C. of the Q.M.A.A.C., aware that Princes Street Gardens and Calton Hill, Edinburgh, have been put out of bounds for all members of the Corps? If not, will she graciously inquire *why* the gallan tgirls, who came forward so gladly at the call of duty, are forbidden to visit these two most famous beauty spots of beautiful Edinburgh? At the same time Her Majesty may be surprised to learn that members of the Corps stationed in that particular district have to be in their quarters by 7 o'clock every evening—barring one night a week, when the hour is 8.45. Seven o'clock summer time is 6 o'clock by the sun!

Stamp Stealers.

The bogus advertiser is cropping up again, his practice being the very mean one of advertising a vacant berth and making profit out of the stamped envelopes enclosed. One clerk answered a dozen advertisements, sending a stamped envelope in each case. He received only one answer, and that from an eccentric female who wanted him to buy note-paper and fire-lighters. Job-seekers would be well-advised to save their stamps.

Vile Robbers.

Somebody in a position to know speaks bitterly of the bad state of the registered letter post to Belgian ports. His figures are well-nigh incredible, for he asserts that nearly 90 per cent. of registered letters are either opened by would-be pilferers or "lost." It is not possible to fix the real responsibility; it is divided, the G. P. O. handing over the mails to the Naval Post Office at Dover. It would be better, surely, for a G. P. O. representative to accompany them all the way.

Robbing the Cripples.

Numerous cripples, through war or otherwise, are tied to a self-propelling chair as their one and only means of moving around And they are often dependent on somebody to push them. If they fix an auto-wheel attachment they are at once—as we have deplored—dropped on to pay licence fees, as though they were joy-riding in their own cars. If the Revenue Department had a heart it would exempt these poor incapables from such taxation. But it is unfeeling enough to rob them.

Turned Down.

An ex-Fusilier, who was wounded, made prisoner, and finally repatriated and discharged with a paralysed foot and shattered nerves as a legacy, applied to the Civil Liabilities Department for a £25 grant to start in business as a hairdresser. He was summoned to appear before a Committee at Camberwell Baths; there found said Committee to consist of one man; and from said man learned he was not to have a grant because he wasn't in business before the war. Unfortunately this kind of treatment seems to be the rule in such cases.

Wake Up, England?

This from a Johannesburg reader: "As a British commercial traveller, I visit every town and village in South Africa, including Rhodesia, and I find in the reading-rooms of the public libraries, American trade journals of every description, but not one British." We can well believe it, for in the dissemination of trade information the British authorities have always been well to the rear. However, we present the above information with our compliments to the Comptroller-General of the Department of Overseas Trade.

A Cold Reception.

The cry of "British seamen for British ships" has gone up at Aberdeen with marked effect. At that port arrived the trawler *Itonia*, locally owned, full up with fish. It was also full up with 21 Danes out of a crew of 28. The seven British seamen were discharged shortly after arrival. The fish was not, for the Aberdeen porters refused to touch it, or to allow the Danish crew to land it. There were talks and speeches and votes until the Board of Trade intervened, but all to no purpurpose. Aberdonians have no fancy for neutrals on our boats, and the *Itonia*, with its Danes and "fins," has been completely boycotted.

A Mis-used Verb

One of the literary journals of America calls attention to the habit of certain statesmen of using the phrase—"What you have got to remember" or "What you have got to do"—and deplores the loss to the House of Commons of Mr. Asquith "in his majestic Augustan style." But what about the American crudity "gotten"? We are not quite so bad as that.

The Bar Up.

The railway station at Chichester, it appears, is now barred to taxi-men plying for fares, unless their cabs belong to a local syndicate recently formed. The men shut out are mostly ex-soldiers. We suppose a railway company may legally close its yard and premises against anybody it thinks fit, but it is certainly morally wrong in barring the right men.

Prevention is Better than Cure.

Miles Pye, of Railway Walk, Southport, has been fined for ghastly cruelty to a dog. He would have been sent to gaol if he had not been so old—72. Well, that poor dog has been killed. But Pye still has another dog. Are we to wait till he does the same by it as he did by the other? Take the poor animal away!

Guns or Houses?

The important munitions centre of Georgetown, near Glasgow, was named after the Prime Minister when he was at the Munitions Ministry. Now that the war is over, it is proposed to convert the model little town into an attractive garden suburb, but it seems that the "brass hats" at the War Office are sticking out for the retention of the place as a glorified ammunition dump. Local feeling runs high, for it is realised that the future of Georgetown has an important bearing on Glasgow's housing problem, which grows daily more acute. The War Office must dump their stuff elsewhere.

WHERE THE WHISKY GOES.
See page 7.

His Old Pitch.

After four years in the Army, a Tottenham man went back to his old job of selling flowers in the street, and the police objected, saying that he caused an obstruction. Fortunately, Major Malone, M.P., was on the bench, and gave the police a talking to they will not soon forget. "Where would you be," he asked Inspector Abbey, "but for men like this?" And he gave the ruling that the man who had chosen to return to his old pitch with his flower-basket was not to be interfered with. Thank you, Major Malone!

Devil's Work at Devil's Bridge.

From Devil's Bridge, near Aberystwyth, it is reported to us that, an Assistant-Overseership being vacant, there were two applicants for the post—one, a discharged soldier who had lost an arm at the Battle of Cambrai; the other, a leading farmer of the district and parish councillor, named T. V. Lewis. When the appointment came up at a meeting of the Llanfihangel-y-Creuddyn Upper Parish Council, the gallant young soldier lost by one vote—that of the man Lewis himself, his claim to exercise it in his own favour being upheld by the Chairman, the Rev. T. Noah Jones, Vicar of Eglwysnewydd! And we don't suppose his reverence had the grace even to blush when next he ascended the pulpit!

The Councillor and the Widow.

We should think that the Prestwich people would be slow in paying their rates when one of the Councillors himself will not pay, defies the Council, and sits in the meeting while his own case is being discussed. Meanwhile, a poor woman, the widow of a soldier killed in action, and living on a pension of 21s. a week, is made to pay. Now then, Councillors, see to it!

An Undemocratic Proceeding.

There is a great deal of dissatisfaction over the action of some Boards of Guardians in co-opting members who have not secured the confidence of the electors. In so doing, it appears, the Boards are within their statutory powers, but when the right of co-option is employed to drag in candidates who have been decisively rejected at the polls, the ratepayers are not to be blamed if they enter a forcible protest. Unless in very exceptional cases, the right of co option is best left to rust.

The Uncivil Service.

The officials at 4a, Newgate Street, E.C., which is the headquarters of the Accountant-General of the Navy, should go out and buy themselves sixpennyworth of ginger. A poor old lady at Newcastle had 2s. weekly allotted from the pay of her son in the Navy, but through some mistake the authorities sent her only a shilling. When she complained, the Newgate Street chairwarmers took no notice whatever, even a bare acknowledgment of the letter being too much for their united labours. The mistake is now nearly two months old. It is a shame.

Dirty Work at Stirling.

On several occasions we have called attention to the dirty way some co-operative concerns have treated returning soldiers. Stirling's Co-op. is the latest on the list. One of their employees, a tailor's cutter, who had on their own testimonial served them well for five years, was called up in July last. He declined to appeal and was sent to camp, and put into the tailors' shop at 1s. 6d. a day. Recently demobilised, he finds his place filled, leaving him with a wife and six children to provide for on nothing a week and no job to go to.

An Edinburgh Mystery.

Disquieting reports have reached us in regard to the conditions obtaining at the Royal Naval Hospital at Pilton, near Edinburgh. The indications are that during the recent epidemic far too little attention was given to the isolation of infectious cases, with the result that several gallant sailors succumbed to the disease who might otherwise have been spared. Some of the defects reported may have been due to lack of accommodation, but there is a strong case for a full investigation of the issues that have been raised.

"All that was Left of Them."

Private Thomas William Smith, of the East Surreys, the 10th Queens R.W. Surreys, the Royal Engineers, and 58th Labour Company successively, has been discharged "permanently unfit for further service." He enlisted when 13 years 11 months old, and is to-day only 18. His father and four brothers were all killed in the first advance of the battle of the Somme and his mother and three sisters were killed in air raids. We now read that "he hopes before long to find suitable employment." That is the best a grateful country can do for him. What an optimist!

Encouraging Crime.

What is Bailie Robertson, of Edinburgh, thinking of? Is he crazy? A loathsome blackguard, John Ferguson Heron by name, is convicted of having indecently assaulted a little girl of eight years twice on the same day, and there was a previous conviction against him. Yet for this atrocious crime Bailie Robertson, sitting in the City Police Court, sentenced the man to twenty days' imprisonment. We wonder has he a daughter?

Pension Prigging.

This little game seems to be pretty general just now, and it is by no means confined to private would-be employers of Service pensioners. It is being played by the Birkenhead Education Committee, who, requiring a School Attendance Officer, advertised for the same, offering a salary of £90 a year plus War Bonus of, we believe, £35. On the printed form of application sent to those who answered the advertisement the following appears: "If a pensioner, state amount of pension." The purpose of this impertinent clause is obvious.

A "So-called" Lady.

On the word of a correspondent, there's a woman in Blackpool who is no gentleman; in fact, she is described to us as a so-called lady. "She gives her tenants notice to leave. If they cannot get a house anywhere and do not go out, she applies for an Ejectment Order, and has them turned out. She pretends that she requires the house for her own use. When the tenant is cleared out, she takes a couple of boxes to sit on, and a shakedown for night use, also provisions. She stays there a week, then the person to whom she has sold the house moves in. She has given my friend notice now, and boasts she has made £200 profit on every house she has sold." She must be a wicked woman.

One More Job.

The same wicked story has to be told again. A Secretary being required for the Hull Great War Trust, a Mr. Proctor was taken from the Town Clerk's Office and pitchforked into the berth, worth £400 a year. There were ex-Service men fitted for the post, and Mr. Proctor has not served. A proposal actually came before Hull City Council to congratulate the civilian on his great good fortune, but two or three sturdy councillors kicked at that, holding that the War Trust should be administered by a man who understood the men it was designed to benefit. The proposed record was therefore deleted, and Mr. Proctor goes without the Council's blessing. He ought to be still with the Town Clerk.

An Unspeakable Scot.

Our attention is called to an Edinburgh paper wherein a discharged soldier opens his epistle to the Editor with the remark that "If the houses of Rosyth are full up, why not clear all the Englishmen back to their own country?" As an instance of base ingratitude this captures the cake and beats the band. What if we were to retort by a proposition to send all Scotsmen back to Scotland?

A Lost Increase.

There appears to be some mystery about the increased pensions to retired Civil servants. It was largely paragraphed in the Press, and the rates duly tabulated. But a correspondent who should be a beneficiary protests that he isn't, and derides the official statement as a bogey. "I have received no increase," he says, "nor, so far as I am aware, has any other Civil servant." Has it, by any chance, got lost in transmission?

A Soldier's Lament.

When the Government require the services of experienced auctioneers, as they so often do for the disposal of surplus stores, they should give the preference to men who have served with the Colours. A recent complaint on this score comes from a man who, at great personal sacrifice, went out to France with the original Expeditionary Force, having previously served in the South African War. Since demobilisation, this good fellow has applied again and again to various Government Departments for work in his own line, but so far without success, the preference being given to the men who stayed at home!

"The Rich Young Man."

The scatter-brained Socialist's wild diatribes against the so-called "idle rich" will never cease so long as advertisements like the following are allowed to appear in the public Press: "Young gentleman of good standing (University man) would like to live in a fine country house . . . essential, high-stand family. Desirable meet young people . . . companions for tennis, etc. Best references. Terms do not matter. Willing spend up to £100 monthly." How can one justly condemn the loafer for preferring to draw the Unemployment dole rather than do an honest week's work, unless one at the same time censures the blatant snob who flaunts his unearned wealth in the face of the people?

Watch this figure GROW!

The Number of Claims already Paid under our Free Fire Insurance is: 63

For Registration Forms see page 20.

Alderman "Fleece 'em," of Southend.

Alderman Brightwell, of Southend, is, it would appear, rather too much of a dazzler for his job. The other day, when a proposal to reduce the fare on a certain tramway section by one halfpenny was brought forward, this shining aldermanic light said he would like to throw out a suggestion: "This seemed the wrong time of the year to alter the fares—just when the visitors were coming. . . He did not know that there was much harm in fleecing visitors. The season was just coming when they could make a little money." Intending visitors to Southend may therefore take notice that they will be fleeced—with the approval of Southend's most scintillating Alderman.

Some Vicar!

St. Matthew's Church at Leicester looks like going strong. In an address at a "joint vestry and congregational meeting" the Vicar, the Rev. E. E. Smith, announced *inter alia* that "St. Matthew's was going to be a democratic church with a democratic congregation." He wasn't going to see the verger paid 14s. a week for working seven days a week. A Sister would work in the parish to pave the way for clergy, and "that wouldn't be sweated labour." Also, he had "been able to guarantee that the verger should not have less than £3 a week." Our information does not explain whether the Vicar is a new man in a new parish; in any case, let us hope he will some day be a Bishop—if by that time the Church has any use for Bishops.

The Education Act.

We lately entered a protest against the action of certain education officials who were endeavouring, as it appeared, to anticipate the provisions of the Education Act, 1918, which raises the age limit for compulsory school attendance. In one of the cases mentioned a boy had attained 14 in January last, and the attempt to drag him back to school under the provisions of the new Act was clearly inexcusable. There is, it is true, a clause of the measure stipulating that after a certain date children shall be kept at school until the end of the term in which they complete their 14th year, and it appears that as provided in the Act this particular section was brought into force by an Order of the Board of Education as from February 1st, 1919. Otherwise our "Warning to Parents" stands as written and should be borne in mind by all concerned.

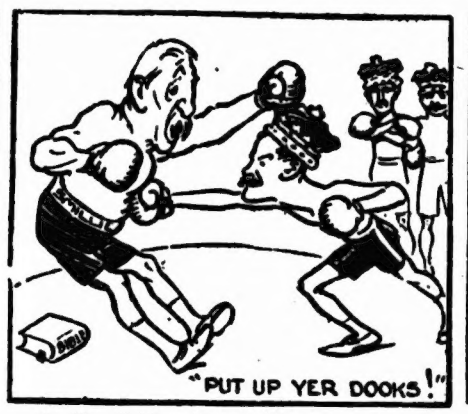
£1,000—For You?

If you would like to gain the magnificent sum of £1,000 for three or four words, have a shot at "Bullets" this week. Over 8,000 other valuable prizes are also to be won.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

Return! The man you leave behind
Is just the one you need, you'll find.

The Paris mystery we *would* know
Is, why they all kow-tow to Woodrow.



Smillie dislikes his punishment.
Although 'twas he the challenge sent.

All things considered, were 't not best
To let the Hero's spirit rest?

Candid Communications.

This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and occasionally Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. Lord Ancaster, Eresby House, Rutland Gate, Belgravia.

MY LORD,—Have you heard that there's a house shortage? Surely not! Or you wouldn't purchase a number of houses at the back of your wigwam in order to pull them down and lay out gardens with a tennis court. Either your ignorance is colossal, or your indifference to the needs of the public is monstrous. Take it which way you like! But, by the Lord, the Government ought to stop you. JOHN BULL.

To the Right Rev. Thomas Dunn, D.D., Roman Catholic Bishop of Nottingham.

DEAR BISHOP,—It appears that for some years past a poor cripple has occupied a pitch outside your cathedral of St. Barnabas, inviting alms. Noticing how on some occasions he was cruelly exposed to the weather, you recently had a recess built in the cathedral wall—an alcove with doors of which the cripple will hold the keys. This kindly act was all the more creditable as I understand the beneficiary was not of your religious persuasion. He is a good shepherd who can spare a thought for the lame sheep of another flock. JOHN BULL.

To Judge Atherley Jones, Central Criminal Court.

DEAR JUDGE,—I am delighted to realise that you too are dead against the pernicious practice of seeking to affect the minds of a jury by stating a man's previous convictions before the verdict is given. In a case before you this was done under the sanction of an Act of 1916, which was intended only to codify the Larceny laws, and yet there was allowed to creep in the grossly un-English provision of an Act nearly fifty years old which makes this travesty of justice possible. Not only you, but Sir Ernest Wild, K.C., and the jury entered their protest. No matter what a man's alleged offence may be, it is a scandal to seek to prejudice the jury by trotting out previous convictions before the *verdict*—before the *sentence* is another matter. I intend to get that law altered. JOHN BULL.

To the Manager, Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation, Gracechurch Street, E.C.

DEAR SIR,—One of your foreign staff who joined up in 1914 and received a commission, is now desirous of returning. As he has since married, you tell him he is ineligible for his old post, and you cannot place him on the home staff. Is that to be his reward? You have paid him nothing since he enlisted, although you have consistently paid conscripted men half salaries. Do please change your mind about the man who volunteered. JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. G. H. Roberts, M.P., Food Controller, London.

MY DEAR ROBERTS,—To-day we can see greedy, grasping farmers, insatiable now as during the war for extortionate profit, provoking public disorder in various parts of the country by withholding milk supplies at present summer prices, and even threatening to destroy their cows so that there shall be little or no milk next winter. Why don't you get into the farms quick, as a Food Controller should have done from the first, and show 'em what you are made of? JOHN BULL.

To the Right Rev. Lord William Gascoyne Cecil, Bishop's Palace, Exeter.

MY LORD BISHOP,—In a ludicrous epistle to the churchwardens of your diocese, your Lordship declares it is "quite necessary to shut up public houses because a large section of our population have the development of a baby and will hurt themselves unless they are restrained, while a certain section are mad for drink and must be treated like lunatics." Be assured that it would be much more to the advantage of the community to shut up the bishops' palaces than to shut up the people's pubs; and despite all the present nursery-like restrictions put upon a nation of free men by an Uncontrolled Board of old women, I have no doubt whatever in my own mind which will be closed the sooner. JOHN BULL.

To Sir Malcolm Morris, President of the Institute of Hygiene.

DEAR SIR MALCOLM,—Your lecture on the value of food is very informing, and I note with some interest that you declare there is more nourishment in a pound of cheese than in two pounds of prime beef. But while you are about it, you might be kind enough to tell us where to get the cheese. I have been trying for weeks to buy even an ounce, and had so far no luck. By the way, you decry the working man's belief in a glass of beer, and you recommend nuts as a nourishing alternative. Give me bread and cheese and a glass of good beer! JOHN BULL.

To the Chairman, District Council, Ellesmere.

SIR,—Your Sanitary Inspector, returned from Army service, solicited an increase of his pre-war salary of £50 on the irrefutable plea that it is now insufficient for his support. On the ground that as the rates must be increased expenses must be cut down, the Council refused his request. This decision must surely be a sweating case beyond all municipal precedent. JOHN BULL.

To Sir A. K. Yapp, General Secretary, Young Men's Christian Association, London.

DEAR SIR ARTHUR,—Not a very nice story of the Young Men's Christian Association reaches me from Blackpool. I am informed that for three years and a half certain ladies have given voluntary assistance to the local branch and also provided tea-concerts at their own expense. Recently an official came along with airs of tremendous importance, informed them that the branch was not paying so well as others where there were paid helpers, and demanded that they should keep down expenses "by making the tea, etc., weaker and giving less measure in glasses of milk, and things like that, to the wounded men." The ladies, I am told, resigned in a body. What about it? JOHN BULL.

A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.

HUSBAND AFRAID TO LIVE WITH DYING WIFE.

It has been held in the High Court that it is sufficient excuse for a breach of promise to marry if either of the parties is affected with consumption. The raising of such a defence is by no means uncommon, as readers of newspapers know. At Hull the other day a similar question cropped up in a more serious form. Charged with desertion of his wife, a husband pleaded that the poor woman was an incurable consumptive, and that in view of the risk of infection he ought not to be expected to resume cohabitation. "The question was," said one of the lawyers in the case, "ought a man to continue to live with his wife who is dying of the disease, and thus jeopardise his own life?" After some discussion, the Magistrates held that the husband's attitude was justified, and they consented to an arrangement by which the wife was to receive an allowance of 18s. weekly. On the moral aspect of the question there will be various opinions, and as regards the Hull case we prefer to confine ourselves to one or two practical considerations. In the first place, it was a serious reflection on the husband that the case should have come into Court at all. To permit the sorrows of the home to be thus exposed in public was a poor comfort for the dying wife, and implied a somewhat callous disregard of the decencies of domestic life. To take a further point, we understand that the couple were not childless, and we should like to know whether the allowance of 18s. weekly is intended to keep the whole family. If so, it is a wretched pittance, in view of the present exorbitant cost of the necessaries of life. More should be heard of this painful case.

UNEARNED PENANCE.

TWO MONTHS' GAOL FOR NO CRIME.

That some Magistrates take altogether too light a view of their responsibility in regard to the granting of bail in criminal charges is evidenced by cases that come before the Courts from time to time. At the Chelmsford Quarter Sessions the other day an ex-soldier, wounded in the war and with a flawless Army record, was charged with the theft of a bicycle. Apparently the man owed his position to some confusion in his statements to the police, the cycle having been purchased by him in good faith, and for fair value, so that almost from the outset it was evident that no jury would convict. Clearly the charge was one in respect of which bail should have been granted, but the Magistrates for some reason or other had declined to accept recognisances, and the victim of this trumpery accusation had actually been in custody for two months, awaiting trial at the Quarter Sessions, his wife and family in the meantime having lacked all means of support. At the Sessions, the jury's verdict of not guilty, arrived at without hesitation, led to his instant discharge after eight weeks of undeserved imprisonment, but nothing can undo the hardship suffered. It might be a good thing if in such trumpery cases of "felony" Magistrates were bound to allow bail, as they are in case of offences technically known as "misdemeanours," many of which—perjury for instance—are crimes of a far more serious kind. This is one of the reforms which we must take in hand, and we are sure that in doing so we shall have the cordial support of a large section of the House.

IN THE LIGHTHOUSE TOWER.

GRIEVANCES OF OUR SAILORS' GUARDIANS.

It is time that an official Inquiry was held into the general conditions of the lighthouse-keepers' service. The spirit of unrest is working amongst them, but it is silent and restrained. They are too manly to strike, because they know that those who go down to the sea in ships rely upon their ceaseless vigilance. We hope that the Elder Brethren of Trinity House do not trade upon this fact; 2s. 6d. per diem, rising by trivial increments to 5s., is a paltry recompense for men who put in from 10 to 15 hours' work daily. The rock-station man's lot is, of course, the worst. When, after his two months' term of duty in practical isolation, he comes ashore, it is not to make holiday, but to labour eight hours a day at the office, if there should be a depôt near-by. We cannot at the moment spare space enough to ventilate all the grievances these self-sacrificing men labour under, but we can assure the Elder Brethren that we are aware of them, and that unless prompt remedial steps are taken, we shall make it our business to disclose them candidly and fully, when the general public will be astounded that they have been borne so long and uncomplainingly. A conundrum is put to us by certain of the men: Are they Government or civil employees? They got a partial answer to their own query when a section of them joined a Civil Service union. The Treasury made them resign, because they are not Civil Servants. It is time that Trinity House were taken over by the Admiralty or B.O.T. Being under Trinity House, heaven help the men—for the Brethren will not!

THE CASE OF CAROLINE HANEMANN.

TOGETHER WITH THE SCANDALS OF LASZLO, BARON BRUNO SCHRODER AND OTHERS

By Charles Palmer (*Assistant Editor*).

WITH an experience of the House of Commons which few writers can claim, extending over more than thirty years, I can honestly say that I have rarely listened to a more dishonest and discreditable speech than that delivered in the case of Caroline Hanemann by the Home Secretary. Mr. Shortt is of the worst type of lawyer-politician. Having a rankly bad case, he, by unscrupulous argument and the most odious form of special pleading, tried to shatter the case put forward with reasoned seriousness by Mr. Bottomley. What is that case? In brief, it is this: That it was a danger to the State, and in principle and practice wrong, that a German woman, naturalised after the outbreak of war, should be allowed to reside, even for a single day, at 10, Downing Street, the house of the Prime Minister, at a time when (September, 1916) we were at grips with our foul enemy and Mr. Asquith's official residence was the repository of all the most sacred and momentous State secrets.

"Dope" for Home Secretaries.

There is some mephitic atmosphere about the Home Office which seems to "dope" every Home Secretary. It was Mr. McKenna, now relegated by the electors to a well-earned obscurity, who was responsible, among other outrageous acts, for the naturalisation of Baron Bruno Schroder after the outbreak of war. It was Sir George Cave, who has gained well-deserved nonentity of a peerage, who tried to justify the special privileges accorded to Mrs. Leverton Harris to visit her "half-English boy," von Plessen. And now it has been reserved for the time-serving Mr. Shortt to pretend righteous indignation over the case of Caroline Hanemann, and incidentally to work himself into well-simulated passion at the very idea of any aspersion on the honour of that other ex-member, Mr. Asquith. I need hardly say that, to those who know their lawyer-politician—whose habit of mind is by profession dishonest, and whose capacity to defend a criminal equally with an innocent is his stock-in-trade—Mr. Shortt might just as well grin through a horse-collar as seek to convince any patriotic man that the case of Caroline is one unworthy the attention of Parliament. He had the temerity to give the lie direct to the statement that Caroline (he persisted in calling her Katherine, so badly had he "mugged up" his case) ever resided at Downing Street; he declined to give the names of those who vouched her loyalty, and with bureaucratic insolence he refused to say on what grounds she had since been denaturalised. What is more, the Home Secretary, the guardian of law and order, the paid protector of the British citizen, pretended that it was not his business to ask the reason, and, gaining courage as he proceeded, he valiantly declared his refusal to inquire.

Why was Caroline Denaturalised?

Now let us see whither the Home Secretary's arrogance leads us. First of all, Caroline Hanemann—of whom he pretended to know nothing, although he played to the "gallery" of the little bunch of Asquithians by affirming, with a well-affected sob, that she was for twenty years the "faithful attendant" of an invalid—was naturalised after the outbreak of war. That gave her all the protection claimed by a British citizen, and it saved her from internment—it gave her complete liberty of action. She swore an oath of allegiance to the King. Why then, now that the war is over, has it been found necessary to withdraw from her the priceless possession of British citizenship, to strip her of all the attendant privileges and to leave her once more with the brand of the Hun and presumably fit only for deportation to the country of her birth? Mr. Shortt refused to tell the House of Commons and the country why. In doing so he took up a wholly indefensible position. Are we to assume that the police are as ignorant as the Home Secretary; and is this woman, who it has been found is not fit to be naturalised, to be allowed to remain in this country? Surely not. There is something wrong somewhere. You may dislike the term as much as you choose, but I ask—whose is the Hidden Hand which shuts out the light and prevents us from knowing the truth? The names of those who sponsored Caroline were refused, and refused on the preposterous ground that if publicity were given to those who went bail for Hun loyalty, it would be equally necessary to publish the names of those who opposed. This is sheer dishonesty. It treats the prevention of naturalising a Hun as the same thing, from the point of view of public interest, as the securing of naturalisation.

That Traitor Laszlo.

And let me pause to say this: Laszlo the traitor was vouched by Mr. Balfour, then Foreign Secretary, Lord Devonport, Sir Arthur Lee, now Lord Lee (both ex-ministers), and by Mr. Howard Guinness. They went bail for his "loyalty"; yet he was afterwards found in traitorous communication with the enemy—this "British" citizen who should have been court-martialled and shot. But he is a friend of the exalted and the rich; he has painted half the Cabinet and nine-tenths of Society; he was a welcome guest in the houses of the great; he used his position to worm out our military secrets and convey them by letter—nearly fifty of them—to the enemy. He was not shot, the Hidden Hand shielded him. He was interned like any decent unfortunate German, and very soon he was released on the grounds of "ill-health," and he is still, I believe, in a nursing home. What is to be done with him? I know that influences are at work to prevent his deportation. Moreover, are we to continue a system of dangerous secrecy by which any man can vouch for a traitorous blackguard, knowing that the Home Office will protect his name from publicity, and that he can escape all responsibility for his acts? Mr. Shortt, the Home Secretary, may pretend that it is not his business to inquire why a person is denaturalised. But it is the business of the nation to put an end to this sorry and dangerous farce. And it should be the business of Parliament to insist upon such an amendment of the naturalisation laws as will ensure that in future any person claiming the inestimable privilege of British citizenship shall be compelled to make public notification of the fact; and if and when the certificate is granted, not only should the sponsors' names be recorded upon it, but they should be held responsible for the loyalty of the person naturalised.

There was a creature named Baron Nettlebladt who married a rich English lady. When war broke out he sought naturalisation, but one at least of those to whom he applied to act as sponsor patriotically declined. He was therefore interned. Then he endeavoured to move the compassion of those who knew him in his business life, and it was only the assurance of the police that Nettlebladt was a dangerous spy which put an end to well-meant activities. And here let me repeat that, so far as Caroline Hanemann is concerned, no charge against the woman has ever been made in the columns of John Bull. This is what the Editor said when attention was first called to her case fifteen months ago:—"Now it matters nothing to me that this woman of fifty, who has spent half her lifetime in this country, may be the most honourable soul alive. Her motives, her attitude towards the enemies of the land of her birth, may be as pure as the driven snow. Be that so, it has nothing to do with my argument." Could anything be fairer? It was the gross laxity of the Home Office and the criminal stupidity of the Prime Minister to which public attention was drawn. But who would have imagined that a year later this woman would have been stripped of her four-year-old naturalisation and that the Home Secretary would refuse to state the grounds for so drastic a step?

A Dangerous Attitude.

Mr. Shortt has the courage to declare, after all we have learned of German agents in this country—the Lord Chancellor has declared that the majority of the enemy aliens in our midst were spies—that "it does not matter," in considering the question of naturalisation, whether a person was naturalised "after the war or before." To me the attitude of the present Home Secretary and the spirit in which he has sought to meet fair and patriotic criticism is as deplorable as it is dangerous. And to think that the House of Commons has given the Home Office a further period of two years in which to deal with the enemy alien as and how it pleases! When I reflect that Gustav Jarmay—an enemy alien, a director of Brunner, Mond & Co., a company with which Sir Alfred Mond, a member of the present Government, is intimately associated—was not only naturalised after the outbreak of war, but has been since given the honour of knighthood, I am naturally surprised at nothing. And I shall not be astonished if Baron Schroder, whose naturalisation was at the best a war emergency act—"if his firm were allowed to go down," Mr. Bonar Law assured us, "it would affect our general credit"—such was the German hold on our finances—is still permitted to enjoy his British citizenship. We were told nine months ago that the naturalisation of this German, notorious as a hoarder of coal for costly orchids when decent citizens were shivering, would "shortly come up for examination." Has anyone heard the result of that examination? I am afraid it is a case of "now or never." And unless the House of Commons shows itself worthy of its trust, all such cases, including that of the "devoted nurse" and denaturalised Hun, Fraulein Caroline Hanemann, will be covered up with that pernicious cloak of secrecy which seems to envelop all the actions of the Home Office.

UNDER THE MICROSCOPE.

JOHN BULL SEARCHING FOR THE PROMISED INDEMNITIES!

IS BRITAIN POWERLESS?

APPALLING REVELATIONS OF BOLSHEVIST TYRANNY

A severe reckoning is due from the Bolshevist rabble that has usurped power in Russia, in respect of the treatment of British prisoners in their hands. Within the past day or two it has been our sad privilege to peruse letters from Major Cyril Fraser, of the Army Service Corps, who, since August last, has been immured in a convict prison at Moscow in company with nine other Englishmen, and a number of Allied subjects—including a Serbian princess. The treatment accorded to these unfortunate captives has been of a monstrous description. The rations furnished have been of such a character as to offer no more than the choice between starvation and dysentery. For days together the diet has consisted solely of black bread and an unsavoury cabbage soup, the stench of which has been sufficient to repel the stoutest appetite.

Of the tortures suffered by the party the British Foreign Office are fully aware, but their efforts to procure the release of the captives have been marked by the usual dilatoriness and half-heartedness characteristic of the Diplomatic *régime*. To mention a single fact, the wife of one of the victims, a prey to the bitterest anxiety, was kept for more than a week without an acknowledgment of her letter of inquiry, the official excuse being that influenza had been so prevalent in Whitehall! Alone among the Allied Governments, the British authorities have been powerless to assist their martyred countrymen. "I have sat in this prison," writes Major Fraser, "and watched every nationality in Europe being released in turn, owing to the efforts made by their respective Governments." What more bitter experience can be imagined for a party of gallant Englishmen accustomed to pin their faith to the might and majesty of the British name? The French Government have managed to negotiate the release of several brave officers interned at Moscow. Where the Quai D'Orsay has succeeded, why should Downing Street fail?

WHERE THE WHISKY GOES.

LEITH FIRM RESENTS "JOHN BULL'S" REMARKS.

Naturally Messrs. James Martin and Co., Ltd., Highland Whisky Distillers, 14, Quality Street, Leith, do not like our references to the fact that they are sending out letters at large offering for export 500 cases—6,000 bottles. We do not, of course, so much criticise Messrs. Martin. The exportation of whisky is their business. As their Managing Director, Mr. W. M. Smith, tells us, they are "simply licensed by the War Trade Department to ship whisky to the Colonies and British Possessions," and "in view of the '(Spirits) Restriction of Deliveries for Home Consumption' Order issued by the Government it would not ease the situation at home by a single bottle if we instantly abandoned our legitimate whisky exportation business and adopted kindergarten or sold canary seed." But that Restriction of Deliveries for Home Consumption Order is the gravamen of the whole matter. It constitutes the whole scandal; and we hold that Messrs. Martin and Co., Ltd., and all other firms with these big stocks on hand, would be much better occupied in kindergarten or selling canary seed, or for that matter selling fried fish and chips, than in exporting, or seeking to export, by touting circular, thousands of gallons of whisky while the people of this country are being starved of it. Messrs. Martin think our accusation of touting "scarcely justified"; their offers are, however, sent unsolicited to people quite unconnected with the trade. The other day Mr. Roberts, the Food Controller, stated that "shortage of materials was naturally the determining factor in deciding the quantities of beer and spirits which could be produced, and the price was affected by the reduced output and by the increase in duty." When asked if, despite the shortage at home, we were exporting whisky in large quantities, he could only reply, weakly, that "he was not aware of that." He will be wiser when he has read this. He should remember that now more than ever before Charity begins at home, and this is a time when it should stay there.

MANUFACTURING TRAMPS.

LACK OF HOUSING FOSTERS VAGRANCY.

We are not going to divulge the address of F. Deal, for if we did, the Ipswich Guardians will have him arrested. His crime is that he has left his wife and children in the workhouse while he goes round looking for employment—and a home. He's not been able to find a home, so far, since he left the Army. He's not allowed to cart his family around on the tramp. And, by Jove! he's not allowed to leave them behind him. Apart from the gross folly, the main fact is that here is an honest, hard working man (one of many) being turned into a vagrant for the want of housing accommodation—and common-sense on the part of the Poor Law authorities. Hurry up that Housing Scheme!

TOO LATE! TOO LATE!!

HERO CREEPS INTO A HOLE AND DIES.

The cheques came too late. John Robertson, the Scottish miners' leader, found a dying soldier (Private William Wilson, H.L.I.) gassed and shot through the lungs with shrapnel, lying in a filthy attic, and in another corner an old-age pensioner of 76, who had worked in the mines for 66 years. There was nobody to look after them—it was nobody's business. A doctor came once a month. Robertson bestirred himself, and got money from a generous nobleman, Lord Newlands, but the help came too late. The lad was dead. Oh, it's no use getting excited about these things—they happen every day. After all, it was only a soldier. If we got excited we might say rude things to the callous mandarins who express their regret and pass by on the other side.

WHO WAS THE MORE GUILTY?

MONS MAN. SWEATED WAGES AND GAOL.

He was a disabled man. He had served from August, 1914, to September, 1917, and his discharge was marked, "Very Good." He had an invalid wife. His previous record was quite clean. He was a clerk in a responsible position, for he handled moneys of the firm. He has been paid 31s. 6d. a week for it. To keep his home going, he pilfered sums that he received. Who was the real culprit? Victor Edward Oakley, the sweated clerk; or Messrs. Bessey and Palmer, Ltd., of Great Yarmouth and Norwich who tempted him? The Bench, at Norwich, sent Oakley to prison for fourteen days in the second division, and had no word to say about the firm. One of the partners had the monstrous cheek to say that he understood Oakley was in receipt of a small pension. This was in apology for the sweating wage. How long will employers be allowed to cheat ex-soldiers of the amount of their "small pensions," and then brazenly to boast of the cheat? That was a crime much blacker than Oakley's.

A POEM FROM THE PAST.

From the "London Journal" of 3 April, 1731.

'TIS BUT BY WAY OF SIMILE.

Have you not seen at Country Wake
A crew of Dancers merry make,
They figure in, and figure out,
Go back to back, and turn about;
They set, take hands, they cross, take sides
Each movement some blind fiddler guides,
Around the measured Labyrinth trace,
'Till each regains the former place.

So certain Delegates (two couple),
Leagued in alliance "BIG QUADRUPLE."
After a maze of Treaties run,
Are e'en just where they first begun.
I won't affirm who led the Dance,
For sake of rhyme we'll say 'twas France,
But this I dare at least to say,
OLD ENGLAND must the Piper Pay.

PEACE PREPARATIONS.

AMAZING ACTIVITY AT A CORDITE FACTORY.

In spite of the League of Nations and the sweet nothings constantly exchanged between ourselves and Uncle Sam, we observe that the Royal Naval Cordite Factory at Holton Heath, near Wareham, Dorset, is still in full blast. This fact has a direct and important bearing on the question of employment in the locality. If invited to do so, the Labour Exchanges could furnish the factory with a full quota of suitable labour, a large number of demobilised soldiers and others being in receipt of the Out-of-Work Donation, but this is not the method favoured by the official heads of the great establishment at Holton Heath. They prefer to poach on the preserves of the private employer, and to hamper the reviving enterprise of the ordinary business firm. In quite a number of cases ex-munition workers resettled in civil employment have been served with notices to return to the Cordite Factory, no effort having apparently been made to supply the needs of the factory from the unemployed registers of the Labour Exchanges. It is strongly felt that in so acting the Holton Heath authorities have gravely abused their powers. The head of a Bournemouth firm sums up the position in the following terms, communicated to the Senior Inspector of the Cordite Factory :—"We have recently engaged a number of extra men besides the old members of our staff available on discharge from the Army, and are just beginning to get our business into shape again, when we are faced with an unexpected depletion of staff under worse conditions than in the most critical period of the war." Generally speaking, the officials of the Cordite Factory have not even had the courtesy to give the employers notice of the withdrawal of their men. What is the meaning of it? Is cordite to be a main ingredient of the Peace celebrations?

"O DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING?"

TWO STRIKING CONTRASTS OF THE GRAVE.

A Lancaster reporter gives an account of the funeral of three German prisoners who died from pneumonia following influenza. Near the cemetery, a dozen bearers from Bowerham Barracks and a firing party headed the funeral procession. Wreaths from the German prisoners at Stanton Camp and their British guards were placed on the coffins. The Vicar of St. Anne's "conducted an impressive service." Three volleys were fired over the grave, and a bugler sounded the "Last Post." It was a "memorable service," the six Germans acting as mourners for their comrades being "deeply moved." Peace is with us; and we do not draw attention to these elaborate, magnanimous military honours accorded to the dead German war prisoners because we grudge them. But let us look from Lancaster to Swansea, where about the same time another reporter was writing of the death of Mrs. William Morris, widow of a Lance-Corporal killed in action in August, 1916. To support herself and her three children she "worked for some time at Pembrey, where she contracted the dread disease—consumption—from which she succumbed at the Swansea Workhouse." Her body was lying in the workhouse awaiting a pauper's grave. As paupers are buried, so would she have been buried, but for the intervention of the "Comrades of the Great War," for, according to Pension Regulations "no assistance"—official assistance, that is—"can be given in burying the widow of a soldier or sailor after she has completed drawing her separation allowance six months after her husband has been killed in action or died in this country." Her children are still in the workhouse, and they will, of course, be brought up there. "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

THE THEFT OF BRAINS.

INVENTION THAT SAVED WAR WORKERS' HEALTH.

It was not only in the perfection of death-dealing devices that the genius of British inventors was displayed during the war. Among the dangers to which munition workers were exposed in the early days was that arising from the use of fulminate of mercury in the filling of detonators for bombs and mines, the men and women engaged on this process being often affected, through the action of the chemical, with a painful eruption of the skin, entailing absence from work for months at a time. The credit of devising a remedy for this troublesome risk belongs without question to Mr. John Johnston, a former employee at the Leaside Works, Edmonton, although, up to the present Mr. Johnston has received not a penny of payment for his clever patent, nor apparently has he any right of appeal to the Royal Commission on Inventions—his design not having been directly employed by the fighting services. Soon after its instalment at the Leaside Works Mr. Johnston's apparatus was inspected by an officer from the Trench Warfare Department of the Ministry of Munitions, who found that it had entirely eliminated the risk of disease, thus enabling the output of detonators to be very largely increased. On these solid grounds, the Ministry recommended that the inventor should receive a reward of £500, but the rule was, apparently, that this bonus should be paid by the firm as a business expense, which they could of course deduct from excess profits. In the present instance, however, before the reward was paid the firm closed down. The Ministry decline liability on the ground that "any advantage accrued to the firm." But the protection of the health of munition workers and the increased output of vital war munitions were national advantages, conferring upon the inventor an indefeasible claim upon the gratitude of the State.

IN THE HOUSE.

THE EDITOR'S WEEK'S WORK IN PARLIAMENT.

I HAD hoped to be able to record the Second Reading of my Dormant Bank Balances and Unclaimed Securities Bill, for which a large and expectant House waited patiently for five hours on Friday afternoon. Unfortunately, however, the Irish gentlemen took up the whole sitting, discussing the old-time problem of primary education in their distressful country, and I had no alternative but to postpone the Bill until May 23rd, when I am hopeful that it will be reached. It is remarkable how the measure has appealed to Members of all sections—the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, told me he had waited specially in town for the debate. The bankers, too, were present in strong force! Well, better luck next time.

I pursued my inquiries into the "Case of Caroline," dealt with on another page, and am putting further questions to the Home Secretary bearing upon the mystery.

During the week, I also called attention to the anomaly of continuing the Liquor Control Board, now that the objects for which it was established no longer exist. It was purely a war measure, designed to facilitate the production of munitions, the transport of troops, etc., and I suggested to the Government that its continued interference with the social habits of the people is one of the most active causes of industrial unrest.

I have been very busy in connection with the Courts-Martial Committee, which, I am happy to say, is making rapid progress, and I hope that its Report will be ready within a few weeks. Taking advantage of the invitation of the War Office, I attended, with Mr. Justice Darling and other members of the Committee, a General Court-Martial, held at Westminster Guildhall, but as the Court was assisted by an experienced Judge-Advocate and eminent Counsel for both the prosecutor and the accused, we did not derive much enlightenment—the grievances into which we are inquiring having reference mainly to Courts-Martial where no such safeguards are provided. Still, we were greatly interested in the proceedings, which were conducted with an air of dignity and impartiality worthy of any Court of Law.

My principal attention, however, has been devoted to the summary of the Peace Treaty, which reached us in the middle of the week. It is a complicated and very badly-translated document, and I took the earliest opportunity of asking the Leader of the House whether it is correct to assume from the official summary now before us that the only cash payments to be made by Germany are as follows: That she is to make reparation for damage to persons and property under the seven heads enumerated in the summary, the total obligation in respect of which is to be notified to her not later than 1st May, 1921; that she is to reimburse Belgium, by means of bonds falling due in 1926, all sums borrowed by that country from the Allies; that within two years she is to pay the sum of £1,000,000,000 sterling, a further £2,000,000,000 in bonds at varying rates of interest with a sinking fund beginning in 1926, and a further £2,000,000,000 in 5 per cent. bonds under terms not yet fixed; and whether these prospective payments, amounting in the aggregate to £5,000,000,000 sterling, are, as to £4,000,000,000, to be spread over a period of thirty years whilst subject to possible deductions, the first £1,000,000,000 is in respect of the cost of the Army of Occupation and other matters.

I shall not receive the official reply until this week's issue has gone to press, but I have already intimated that unless it is of a satisfactory character, I shall ask leave to move the adjournment of the House, and I have reason to believe that such leave will be readily granted, and that the Speaker will accept my motion as coming within the rule of urgency. At the time of writing, I am in active conference with Mr. Bonar Law, to whom I am making it clear that, while sincerely desirous of avoiding any course calculated to embarrass the Peace Delegates pending the signing of the Treaty, I am at the same time under a solemn pledge to the public to see that the definite promise that "Germany must pay," upon which the Election was fought and won, is not now thrown to the winds. Whatever action I take, however,—and whenever I may take it—I know that the British public, which is looking to me to speak its mind on this matter, will support my parliamentary action; and I shall do my best not to disappoint it.

Many letters having reached me from clergymen who were in doubt as to the legality of a marriage ceremony between a widow and her late husband's brother, I propose to ask the Prime Minister whether the Government will consider the introduction of a Bill to legalise such marriages, thus securing sex equality in the law now that a marriage between a widower and his late wife's sister has been legalised. I hope in the next issue to be able to record a satisfactory answer.

I have also been pressing Mr. Churchill for an explanation of those German advertisements in the *Cologne Gazette*—the paper which is run by the Army of the Rhine—and he has promised me to hurry up the Officer Commanding.

I returned to the mystery of the "Missing Airman," Lieut Mars, and succeeded in obtaining an admission from Colonel Seely that the whole thing had been muddled, and that he is instituting a full Inquiry into the matter, the result of which he has promised to communicate to me.

H. B.

BY ORDER.

She drooped, and cast down her tear-dimmed eyes, unable to meet the pleading gaze he fixed upon her.

Not a word was spoken.

All that it was profitable to say had been said.

All that remained for him to do was to wait, yearning towards her, and trembling slightly.

"Oh, Jack!" she murmured, presently, "do not think me cruel, but, alas, I have no choice!"

He thrilled at her voice, but answered not a word—only keeping his steadfast eyes fixed pleadingly, reproachfully, upon her, as she sat with averted head.

"It is the hardest thing I have ever had to do in my life," she said, brokenly, after a pause.

Still not a word from him. Only that dumb, poignant gaze.

"But, Jack, you *will* forgive me, won't you?" she cried, passionately, as, turning, with trembling fingers she fixed the new and appallingly expensive muzzle on the sleek head of her faithful fox-terrier.

PASSING THE WORD.

Since early morning, when the first carrier's cart arrived from the two-mile distant railway station, an atmosphere of suppressed excitement had pervaded the village.

The field workers seemed to trudge to their labours with a more sprightly gait, and the very children, infected with the unwonted cheerfulness of their elders, ran off more hilariously and clamorously than usual to school.

A louder clang than common rang from the forge; and the scream of a distant saw-mill had a note of exultation in it.

I scarcely recognised the parish undertaker when I met him "up the street." His normally dour countenance was beaming to such a degree that I was tempted to ask him who was dead.

His reply was a slow wink, a furtive glance around, and a hurried whisper in my ear.

Chuckling in a fashion most unbecoming to a man of his lugubrious calling, he went his way, and I on mine.

As I approached the forge, the stentorian voice of the smith—one of the brightest ornaments of the church choir—raised in song, fell upon my ear:

"For to blow and to strike,
Fotch beer when you like,
And be a farrier's bo—o—oy,
And be a farrier's boy!"

he roared, to accompanying strokes on the anvil.

At sight of me he suspended both his song and his blows, and beckoned mysteriously. Then like the undertaker, he glanced suspiciously around, and whispered rapidly in my ear.

In the village post-office and general shop I was led aside by the jobbing builder and again subjected to the ordeal by whisper.

By this time I began to think there might be something in the news; and when, a few minutes later, the clerk of a neighbouring estate imparted a fourth edition to me in low tones, I determined to test its accurracy for myself.

On the stroke of twelve, therefore, I entered the "Foresters' Arms," and demanded of the landlord whether it were true.

"I don't know how it got about," he replied, "but it's right enough. A case came in this morning; and very good Scotch it is, too."

"Then let me have half-a-quartern and a small soda." I said. "Nothing but a stiff peg will convince me."

I was convinced; and so also was the landlord again, and (*pace* DORA) at my expense.

RETLAW.

Freemans Custard with STEWED RHUBARB

RHUBARB, either "forced" or garden grown, always provides a welcome and a health-giving dish. Add to it Freemans Custard, and you have a delightful, nourishing sweet for luncheon, dinner or supper.

Freemans Custard, like all other Freemans Food Products, contains definite nourishment in its *purest* and most delicious form.

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F 127.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

MAJOR BLAKE.

Goo' mornin', sir. . . . Yessir. . . . Right, sir. . . . No, sir. . . . Very good, sir. . . . Put yore arms in the sleeves, if you please, sir. You've got a decent word o' command, and no errer, sir. And I likes to 'ear it. O' course, there ain't no need to work it orf on me, if I may say so. I ain't a bad citizen, and I know I ain't 'arf a good tradesman; and I'm ready to obey legitimate orders without question and to the best of my ability. Orl the same, there ain't no need to bark at me as if I was an awkward squad o' raw rookies. . . . Oh no, sir! *Please* don't apologise. I know the way some orficers can't 'elp gittin' into in the Army, and I dessay thet nine times outer ten they've got very good reason for it. As a matter o' fack, I'm rawther a believer in straight, 'ot an' strong langwidge meself. Sometimes it's necessary. It's the man wot realizes w'en it's required, an' then raps it out, wot I admires. Sometimes it's the on'y way to deal with insolance and ruddy cheek. Thet's w'y I've took a reg'lar fancy to that Major Blake wot was mentioned in the papers t'other day.

* * *

I wish eether me or 'im 'ad bin in Clemenceau's place at the Peace table at Versailles the other day, w'en thet brasted 'Un, Count Rantzau, 'ad the dam'd insolence to remain seated w'ile 'e read 'is speech! I'd 'ave called in a Corporal's file, and 'ad 'im prodded in the seat of 'is understandin' with a bay'net, an' *made* 'im stand up! A criminal don't keep sittin' in the dock without permission o' the Court w'en 'e tells 'is tale in reply to the Judge's question: "'Ave you anythink to say before sentence is parssed upon you?" 'E *'as* to be on 'is 'ind legs. The warders see to thet. And Rantzau, bein' no better'n a criminal, ought to 'ave been treated the same. 'E'd come to 'ear the sentence parssed on Germany by the Allies, an' 'e ought to 'ave bin made to stand up w'ile it was bein' pronounced. Thet's w'y I wish Major Blake 'ad bin in Clemenceau's place. 'E'd 'ave let 'im 'ave the rough edge of 'is tongue, like wot 'e did the Conchies. My on'y complaint about 'im is thet 'e didn't speak strong enough to the dirty 'ounds at Wandsworth Prison. 'E on'y called 'em "damned mutinous swine." Well, in my opinion, thet wos Sunday-school langwidge compared with wot they deserved. Becos, wot are they? I kin unnerstand a 'onest coward—a chap wot knows 'e's a coward, an' can't 'elp it—a bloke wot's ashamed of 'issef, but carn't git 'is feet warm 'owever 'ard 'e tries. 'E's to be pitied.

* * *

But the rotten sort wot are not on'y cowards, but glory in their cowardice—the kind wot would rather go to quod than bear their fair share in a fight against filthy savages—well, they ain't worth spittin' on; and w'en Major Blake called 'em "damned mutinous swine," well—jew know wot *I'd* 'ave called 'em if I'd bin him? . . . I'll tell yer. Jest wait till I've closed the window an' 'ad a look to see w'ether the missus is anyw'ere about. . . . *You'd rawther not 'ear? . . . You can imagine? . . . You're Major Blake 'imself?* Well, I'm proud to meet you, sir. And I'm glad Sir Albion Richardson, M.P., was man enough to see you was justified in usin' the mild langwidge you did when the Objecks threatened to git out of 'and. But wasn't I right in callin' 'em cowards, sir? Would anythink but a coward be overawed by the terms of affection you used? . . . Well, wot I say, sir, is, thank Gawd they *didn't* serve. They would 'ave disgraced the gallant British Army by their presence. Goo' day, sir—and, thank you!

Always ready and useful—
The "JOHN BULL" PEN

HAVE WE B

Wilson and de Valera—Our Monroe Doct

By THE E

AT the time of going to press the country is awaiting the full text of the Peace Treaty. All it has at present is the "official" summary—and I know enough of the methods of government to suspect that whoever is responsible for the document has put the most favourable construction possible upon the Treaty itself. Indeed, it is said that the author of the Summary is a great political friend of the Prime Minister, and I shall not be at all surprised, when the full document comes to hand, to find a large number of loopholes for the enemy.

What I am concerned with at the moment is that part of the Treaty which affects, and affects vitally, the interests of Britain. And in that connection there is no matter comparable in importance with the question of Indemnities; and by Indemnities I mean not mere reparation for civilian and other damage—which is a comparative fleabite—but the repayment to Britain of the enormous sum of money which Germany by her unprovoked aggression has caused us to expend, and the burden of which at present rests with terrible weight upon the shoulders of our people. That sum amounts in round figures to ten thousand millions—and unless we get it back, it means that for a generation to come prices will remain high, taxation heavy, and our trade and commerce crippled to the permanent advantage of America and other competitors. I do wish I could make the people fully realise the importance of that last point. I am loth to say unkind things about our cousins across the Atlantic, but we are dealing with grim realities, upon the proper conception of which depends the future of the British Empire. Let us, then, plainly recognise the fact that America did not come into the war until not only had she made a vast fortune out of it, but had incidentally transferred the centre of the world's credit to herself, and laid the foundation for securing most of Germany's lost markets. And when you fully grasp that fact, you begin to realise why President Wilson is so anxious that we should not saddle Germany with the whole cost of the war, but should carry it upon our own shoulders. Of course he will cloak the sinister commercial motive underlying this attitude by a plea of mercy and humanity—giving the fallen foe an opportunity of ultimately recovering her prosperity—but knowing full well all the time that whilst she is endeavouring to do so America will be "scooping the pool."

Not a penny for us.

Let us, then, see what the Treaty gives us from this point of view. I suppose the war has cost the Allies altogether, in one way and another, not less than fifty thousand millions; and when I turn to the official Summary to look for this figure, what do I find? Five thousand! And even that sum is to be spread over thirty years, and it is to be applied exclusively, with any further sum which may be raised, to reparation for personal and material damage! Not a penny piece of it will come into the British exchequer. The whole ten thousand millions which *we* have had to find is to be extracted from our enterprise and labour. The very men who sacrificed home and business to fight for the Right, and who had been spared to return, are to find their reward in a crushing burden of taxation, which will keep their noses to the grindstone for the rest of their lives; whilst Germany, forsooth, is to have thirty years in which to pay half of what the war has cost us alone, and even these payments "are subject to postponement in certain contingencies"! And at the very time when in the normal course of things she will again be on her feet, her obligations to us will have ceased, and instead of being our debtor she will once more become our active competitor in all the markets of the world. Well, if the people of this country will stand a peace of that character, all I can say is that they deserve it. But I cannot believe that, when these things are understood, the people will tolerate them for a moment. If the great meeting I addressed at the Albert Hall last week is any criterion, I am sure they will not. The vast audience rose to its feet when, in its name, I demanded that the Prime Minister's election pledges should be honoured to the letter. It is useless for him to endeavour to wriggle out of them by saying that he always limited Indemnities to Germany's "capacity to pay." That capacity was never limited to a period of thirty years. We insist upon judgment for damages and costs, and the appointment of a Receiver until the bill is paid. The Allies will determine Germany's capacity when we are in control of her revenues, and not leave it to long-haired professors and political economists. I want to know who has sold us. To that question I mean to have an answer. It may be—at the moment of writing I cannot speak with certainty—that I shall consent to postpone action in Parliament until the Treaty is signed—always assuming that it *will* be signed—although I confess to a feeling of great restlessness and impatience. After all, I am under solemn obligation to the great public for whom this journal speaks, and whose voice I claim to be in the House—and abstract diplomatic considerations, unless the evidence in support of them is overwhelming, do not weigh very much with me. My policy has been to give the Government every chance of redeeming its pledges; and as I would have been the first to congratulate it upon having done so, I am now the first to condemn it for its apparent betrayal. I am not saying that Mr. Lloyd George would not have found himself confronted with an almost impossible task, and I suppose he considers himself precluded from telling the country the truth—which is that throughout he has been thwarted at every turn by the sinister and omnipresent personality of the American President.

Wilson and de Valera.

Let us look at Mr. Wilson's actions in other directions. Is he out to upset constitutional government in Ireland as he has upset our calculations at the Peace Conference? I ask in all seriousness, because, if the information which reaches me is correct, and I have no reason to doubt it, he is determined at all cost to capture the Irish-American vote for his son-in-law at the next Presidential Election. Certain Irish-Americans have lately come to Ireland from Paris. They declare that their visit is warmly encouraged by Woodrow, and, moreover, they actually boast that on their return to the French capital they are to be received by Mr. Lloyd George. On the face of them, these bald facts might seem innocent enough. But note what is behind them. These men from the other side of the Atlantic have boldly proclaimed the purpose of their mission. It is "to confer with President de Valera on the question of securing international recognition of the Irish Republic at the Peace Conference." Already those interfering busybodies have been acclaimed with enthusiasm in Ireland, and they have been graciously received by the Sinn Fein "President," who not long ago escaped from Lincoln Gaol.

Recognising Murder and Lawlessness.

Just consider the position. A large part of Ireland is in a state of open rebellion; the King's writ does not run—if it did de Valera would be laid by the heels. Secret assemblies, robbery of arms under arms, the murder of policemen—these are all elements of the grave unrest. His Majesty's Government have ceased to govern in many parts of Ireland; the law is defied, a great force of military is forming a protecting garrison of the law-abiding. It is at such a time that so-called Republicans from America are given passports to come to this country to meddle in our domestic affairs—and by the very sanction given to their presence here, are securing recognition of the lawless and dangerous Sinn Feiner. Again I ask—what is Wilson's latest game? Did he encourage these men to come here? Did he influence Mr. Lloyd George, who every day seems to fall more and more under the thumb of the ex-Harvard professor, not only to countenance their presence, but to offer them the compliment of an interview in Paris? Statements to that effect have been made broadcast; and, since there has been denial neither from the President nor the Prime Minister, it must be taken that silence gives consent. I have heard it offered as a tribute to the shrewdness of Mr. Lloyd George that he acquiesced in these Irish-Americans visiting Ireland on the understanding that they did not confine their perambulations to the disaffected South, but continued their journey to

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...ine—The Williams-Bottomley Debate.

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the loyal and prosperous Northern provinces. But the fact that he should have condoned this visit at all is in itself a condemnation.

Our Monroe Doctrine.

"Hands off America!" is a very old cry. The Monroe doctrine is still sacrosanct. The League of Nations may involve as much interference as President Wilson chooses in any and every part of the globe, with each and all the nations of the earth. But it is specially "reserved" that the Monroe doctrine remains inviolate—which, being interpreted, means Hands off the American Continent, North and South, East and West, Mexico, Argentina, as well as the United States! Have we not, then, a right to say to President Wilson—yes, and to our own Prime Minister—that we will have no interference with Britain's internal affairs, nor will we allow any man, not even a President, to exploit our troubles for his own political ends? No one will accuse me of narrow-mindedness where Ireland is concerned. I would give the distressful island the fullest measure of Home Rule compatible with Imperial safety—and in the last resort I might even leave her to fight out her own salvation. But what we do is *our* affair; what Ireland does is hers. What we will not stand is any impertinent interference from outside. Sometimes I wonder whether we have not already paid too high a price for the assistance ("the eleventh hour and fifty-ninth minute" intervention, as an American patriot recently expressed it) of the United States. No one will ever deny to Sammy that when once in the war, he fought with splendid spirit and bravery. There is not a public man in this country who has not paid generous tribute to the valour and work of the American sailor and soldier. But who can point to one single sentence in all the wordy utterances of Wilson in which he has had the manliness and the honesty to acknowledge the world's indebtedness to the might of the British Navy and the superb military qualities of the British Army? Even Secretary Daniels, since he came among us, catching the infection of a generous people, has forgotten his empty threat to build a great navy out of the interest on the money we owe America—money borrowed in splendid altruism to finance our Allies in their struggle against the German foe. Are we to take it that the silence of Wilson is part and parcel of a deliberate policy to deny to Britain her honourable and onerous share in the fight, for fear of the hostility of that Irish-American opinion which since the days of the Fenian, the Land League and the Clan-na-Gael down to the present time of the Sinn Fein rebellion has always favoured our enemies and has never failed in bitter enmity and antagonism?

"Too Proud to Fight" Days.

With all delibefation I say now what I have said before, that President Wilson kept America out of the war when the Allies were fighting with their backs to the wall—that he propounded the infamous gospel "too proud to fight" when the bloody acts of the enemy were outraging every canon of civilisation; because he was afraid of the German-American vote. But the time came when the national pride and the inherent patriotism of the people of the United States could brook no longer the infamies of the Hun. Even the crimson outrage of the *Lusitania* left Wilson, if not cold, lukewarm. He was still too proud to join in the struggle against the ordered forces of Evil. But he came to realise what Kings and Presidents have before been made to understand—that the mighty forces of Civilisation, the impelling power of outraged humanity, cannot for ever be stemmed. And so America came into the war—late, awfully late. Her assistance earlier would have saved millions of treasure and hundreds of thousands of lives. But we were grateful for her "intervention," belated though it was, and never let it be supposed that when we criticise the American President we are uttering a single word except in praise and thanks to the fighting forces of the United States. But I am entitled to say, and I repeat it, that we will not brook the interference of Mr. Wilson in our domestic affairs. Ireland, we all know, is a sorry problem—her internecine troubles are heart-breaking. But they are *our* troubles, the problem is *ours*. And for Mr. Wilson to give countenance to a coterie of rebels and to induce our Prime Minister even to hint a willingness to receive the patrons of de Valera is to insult our nationhood, and to deride our independence. Be our difficulties what they may, let rebellion and lawlessness raise its head ever so high, our answer to all meddlers, however exalted, is: "Hands Off!"

The Williams-Bottomley Debate.

It appears that I inadvertently did Mr. Robt. Williams an injustice in suggesting that he was in any way lax in replying to my response to his challenge to a public debate. At any rate, I will make full allowance for the explanation he now gives; and in order that I may not be suspected of taking any journalistic advantage of the correspondence, I will set out in full the letter I have now received, and which is dated May 7th:—

> I have to thank you for your letters of the 24th and 28th April, and also for the copy of your issue dated the 3rd instant. I must express my regret that the pressure of my duties prevented me from replying earlier than at present, as you were informed would be the case.
>
> I am pleased to learn that you are prepared to accept my invitation to take part in a public debate. When I advanced the advantages of a public discussion over a Press controversy, I submitted the terms of the proposition I was prepared to affirm, namely, the advantages of an international proletarian regime. To this you offer a counter-proposition of your own. I am anxious that we should not break upon the verbal subject-matter of the proposal which I am to affirm and you are to oppose. Perhaps, therefore, we could arrange an interview with a mutual friend (I think Mr. Ben Tillett is such) and it should be comparatively easy to find a form of words which would be acceptable to both. This will confirm my telegram of yesterday.
>
> I note that you say that you will take no undue advantage in the columns of your paper by customary journalistic means and measures to influence the judgment of your readers. It is worthy of notice, however, that in the opening paragraph on the first page of your issue for May 3rd, you imply that I had gone to the Continent in quest of a May Day strike. I do not cavil at this except to show that the statement is at variance with the facts, which by the slightest investigation you might have ascertained, especially as you are so attentive to the columns of the *Daily Herald*. To be accurate, I and two of my colleagues of the National Transport Workers' Federation were at Amsterdam in connection with the work of re-establishing the International Transport Workers' Federation. I may add parenthetically that I and my colleagues met three representatives of the German transport workers' movement.
>
> Moreover, in your editorial article in the same issue you cannot refrain from a very cheap jibe to the effect that the attitude of Smillie and myself may be expressed in the saying: "Let's all be equal—and I'll be King." It would be easy to retort: "Let's have a People's League and I'll be—Bottomley."
>
> Again, in your issue for May 10th you state that you "have received no rejoinder from Mr. Robert Williams"; this despite the fact that you were informed that I had departed for the Continent and could not see your letter until yesterday.
>
> You may have no misgivings on the score of the order which I shall enjoin upon my supporters who will be present at the debate. I think that we have more to gain than to lose by maintaining order during public discussion and debate. I am looking forward with a great deal of interest to the debate itself, and give you my personal assurance that all that I can do will be done in order to give each other's supporters a chance of hearing our respective points of view.
>
> I may say in conclusion that I have been in communication with Mr. Ben Tillett, who would, I have no doubt, if we approached him mutually, take the Chair and preside over the debate.

Up to the time of going to press I have not had an opportunity of consulting Mr. Ben Tillett, but I will certainly do so during the present week, and announce the result in our next issue. In the meantime, the proposed public debate is arousing a great deal of attention in the House of Commons and elsewhere.

"TOMMY AND JACK."

Dealing also with the Discharged Sailor and Soldier and their Dependents.

OUR PLEDGE.—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 19th August, 1916.

"TOMMY."

Trouble :—There is much trouble among the officers and men of a Departmental Corps, at Southampton, owing to the ways of the Commanding Officer. By the by, the offender is not Major Duka, the senior Medical Officer of the district, who is "The Thing." If the Brigadier-General does not look into this matter, we shall have to go fully into the details. We are determined, as far as it lies in our power, to root out Prussianism from the British Army.

For Russia :—We thought that none but volunteers were being sent to Russia. Why, then, these numerous complaints from men who ought to be demobilised, but who are ordered to that country? Another torn scrap of paper?

On the Cheap :—At Cranwell is a training headquarters for boy mechanics enlisted for long service in the R.A.F. Senior instructors have been demobilised, and numbers of boys have been pressed in to do their service—but are not given the pay and privileges of the rank. If there is cheap labour about, depend upon it H.M. Government will snap it up.

Give Them Their Release :—We are tired of reading the numerous letters from 1914-1915 soldiers—worn in the war, promised immediate release, but still kept in the Army. On the other hand, men of short service are being demobbed by the thousand. How can the Army Council expect them to believe for a moment that there is honour or honesty in England, so far as officialdom is concerned?

Thanks :—It makes us swell our chest like a Dragoon Guard of the Old Army when we read the flood of letters from our good old Tommy friends in all parts of the world, thanking us for what we have done for them. The service has been its own reward, and we are determined to go on to the end of the chapter, doing our best for our heroic soldiers.

"Lost" Papers :—It is marvellous how many official papers are being lost in cases where the presentation entitles discharge. The latest instance concerns a batch of men from Bangalore, sent to London "no longer fit for military service," according to the Medical Officer in charge. Their papers have, however, been "lost," and the men will have to serve on!

"JACK."

Wanted Badly :—Will the "officer" who served on board H.M.T. *John Bell*, and who induced the skipper to pay his mess bills and bunked without restoring the money, play the gentleman and settle his debt—or must we publish more about it?

Land *versus* Sea :—Retired military officers recalled to the Colours continue while serving to receive their bonus in addition to their active service pay. The pensions of retired naval men similarly situated have been suspended while the men have been re-employed on the active service list. This is an obvious injustice, and should be redressed.

A Floating Wreck :—H.M.T. *Nigeria*, of the Elder Dempster Line, was set on fire by some alien enemies and was sunk to quench the flames. She is now afloat, serving as a depôt ship, with all her ironwork buckled and main structures burnt away. She is a floating wreck, a danger to everyone on board her. We have plenty of other vessels lying idle to take her place. Scrap her!

Damnable :—In Lancaster recently there were four deaths in one family in eight days. A sailor, the senior member of it, is serving on H.M.S. *Foresight*, stationed abroad, and police O.K.'d" cables were sent, asking for his release to look after the stricken home. His skipper refused permission, although a warrant officer on the same ship, whose wife was merely ill, was granted immediate leave to the United Kingdom. We ask, who should be kicked?

Distress on Destroyer :—If there is a pukka skipper on H.M.T.B.D. *Salmon*, based at Harwich, will he go below to see the condition of the men's mess deck? The crew tell us that they have continually to swab and paint the upper structure, while their "house" below is in a filthy condition. We presume that this is a case of naval spittle and polish.

How the Money Goes :—At Grimsby there are rows of chartered vessels waiting for their crews to be demobilised—according to promise. The men are kicking to be discharged, but to no purpose. These vessels are costing the taxpayer huge sums of money, and the refusal to demobilise the men is causing much distress on shore. When will the Admiralty wake up?

"THE SILVER BADGERS."

Secretaries of Discharged Sailors' and Soldiers' organisations, in sending cases of injustice or other information, should mark their envelopes "Silver Badgers."

A Cock-Eyed Excuse :—Badger Street, having been discharged from the Army, applied for reinstatement as a porter on the North London Railway. He was turned down because his left eye is defective. It is within our memory that we have met several railway porters who each only had one eye, and we confess that we do not like this pretext—is it a case of any excuse being better than none?

Rooking our Heroes :—Possessors of the Mons Star who fought in 1914 are entitled to wear a little white rose on the ribbon. Birmingham and Sheffield quickly turned them out when the Order was issued, and various shops are selling them. We have had many complaints from our Contemptibles—who are usually none too rich—that they are rooked by the vendors of the tiny flower—which is worth about 2d. By Pearl & Co., of the Walworth Road, for instance, they are charged 2s. Some control should certainly be put upon the prices of such articles.

Women First :—At the M.T. R.A.S.C. Depôt, Newton Street, W.C., soldiers are being given notice to look out for other jobs on account of reduction in staff. At the same time, women are being taken on to learn typewriting. On the staff are married women whose husbands have good positions. A petition signed by 30 discharged soldiers was sent to Colonel Warren, the Officer in Charge, but was subsequently taken around to the men by a Captain, who asked them to withdraw their names. The soldiers suggest to us that the married women should be discharged first—and we agree with them. We must look after Tommy.

Heroes, Not Crocks :—A 1914 man had been employed for four years before joining up by Messrs. Leonard Plews, Ltd., Calico Printers, Manchester. When he applied to return to his old work, the head of the firm wrote him: "I should be glad to know exactly what your condition is and what class of work you would be fit for, as I understand . . . you would be unable to do any heavy work. . . . We have so many men . . . who are what I might call crocks." If these are men honourably injured while saving Civilisation and Mr. Plews, he should not have called them crocks. And he should have replied to the 1914 man's letter giving the details asked for.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund.")

This fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

Among the numerous cases assisted during the week were the following:—

A Very Sad Case.—An ex-soldier is in bed with influenza, whilst his child had died.

Another.—A widower who served his time is now out of work. He has three children, two of whom are ill.

Hard Up.—A discharged bluejacket, without pension, is fit only for light work—which he cannot find. There was an increase in the family.

No Pension.—A sailor was killed accidentally while off duty. According to Regulations, his widow has no pension, though she has a young family to keep.

Gassed Gunner.—A discharged gunner is unable to work. He served 21 years in the Army, and was gassed and wounded. His family has to exist on his pension, which is 6s. 2d. a week.

Quiver—Not Pocket—Full.—A Tommy's wife, whose husband is now ill, has to keep a family of five on 21s. a week.

A Heartless Landlord.—The widow of a man who was killed, and who has a sick child, found herself in difficulties with a heartless landlord, who had threatened to turn her on the street.

Very Hard.—The widow of a serving man is left penniless with three children. Her only income is a temporary grant of 4s. a week.

Maimed and Poverty-stricken.—A man who lost his leg in the war and is at present unable to work, has a wife who is under the doctor. Bills pressed.

Ill and Pensionless.—A discharged man, without pension, is in failing health. His wife and five mites under seven are not getting enough to eat, so we gladly helped.

A Gallant Boy.—A lad went to the war. His father and sister depended upon his allowance. She recently went under an operation, and is now unable to work. The gallant soldier boy who kept them paid the supreme penalty.

Some Other Cases :—

A soldier's widow with three children is without pension. Illness was in the home.

A discharged man with a minimum pension is incapacitated for any kind of work.

An ex-soldier, discharged from hospital after an operation, had no money to re-start him in life.

Another discharged man had to bury an uninsured child.

An ex-soldier, in consumption and unable to work, has a family of seven dependent upon him.

Another man, on leave to bury his wife, was not in credit, and could get no assistance from the great public funds.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

WHAT HAVE *YOU* GIVEN?

(Although there has been a cessation of active hostilities at the Front, there is not only no diminution in the number of claims which we receive from soldiers and sailors and their wives and dependents, but an actual increase. Indeed, this war will leave a legacy of trouble and suffering for many years, which it will be the privilege of ourselves and our readers to do what we can to assuage.)

Non-Swearing Club, H.M. Signal Station, Murmansk, £1; "A Sailor's Wife" (Liscard), 10s.; J. E. S., 2s.; A. W. (Hampstead), 2s.; J. and H. (Blackburn), 2s. 6d.; "Cannewydd Reader," 5s.; H. H. G. (Maida Hill), 6d.; Anon., 10s.; Cpl. W. X. D. (Ruabon), 2s. 6d.; W. T. (Glasgow), 2s. 6d.; R. F. (New Southgate), 10s.; J. A. W., 6d.; "In Memory of Bruce," 2s. 6d.; E. R. F. (St. Albans), 4s.; "A Naval Pensioner" (Sandwith), 2s. 6d.; "Non-Wilsonite," 10s.; C. R. B., 5s.; J. A. C. (Charlottesville), 25 dollars; P. L. (Salop), 1s.; "A Soldier's Wife and Children," 2s. 6d.; "Macmerry," 3s. 6d.; "A Sailor's Mother" (Leith), 5s.; "Letton," 1s. 6d.; "Well-wisher" (Chathill), 2s. 6d.; P. P. (Rogerstone), 2s. 6d.; T. W., 6d.; I. C. (Rutherglen), 2s.; J. A. (Cirencester), 2s.; J. F. H. (Folkestone), 1s.; J. V. (Bath), 1s.; Anon., 6d.; "Taxi Driver 0272," 1s.; R. K. (Willesden), 1s. 6d.; R. G. (Dundee), 5s.; J. G. (Perth), 5s.; "In Memory of Kathleen," 10s.; "A Scot," 10s.; "F. H. 5389," 3s.; M. B. (Wellingborough), 3s.; B. H. (Liscard), 2s. 6d.; W. P. S. (Glasgow), 2s. 6d.; M. L. J. K., 1s.

"Husbands and their Little Ways"

is the title of an interesting
— article in this week's —

"EVERYWOMAN'S"

NOW ON SALE. ONE PENNY.

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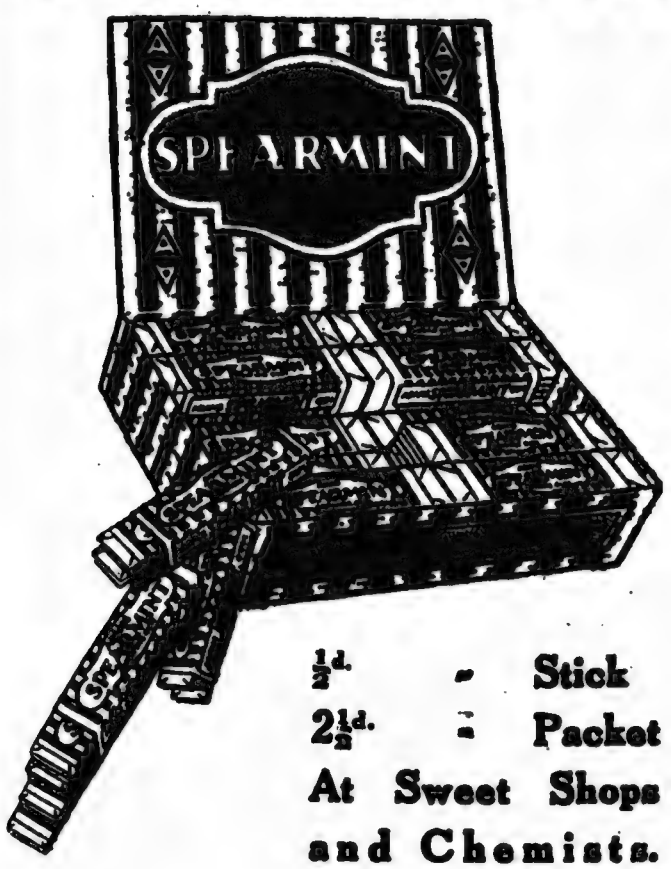

IMPELS THE WILL TO WIN

There is something about ADAMS Pure Chewing Gum which helps a man to win and backs him to carry through. With your teeth on a bit of ADAMS SPEARMINT you are at once more determined, more alert. In work and play, it helps you to keep on doing your utmost without feeling strain. Its cool, refreshing flavour allays thirst, keeps the throat moist and the breath sweet.

Get a packet to-day, but be sure to ask for ADAMS—the QUALITY Chewing Gum which is made from Chicle, the purest, finest Gum in the world. A flavour for every taste—including ADAMS CHICLETS, the famous candy-coated Gum.

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Our Message to John Bull and —particularly—to Mrs. Bull.

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Day & Martin's WAX Boot Polish will help because: it has unusual leather-preserving virtues. It is a WAX Boot Polish containing ingredients which *feed, soften* and *preserve* the leather. Also it goes further than ordinary Polishes; in fact, *the less you use, the quicker the shine.*

So, Day & Martin's helps you to save all round; it goes further, and your footwear lasts longer. A smaller outlay on Polish, and smaller boot-bills.

Ask your Dealer for it. It is put up in *the Tin with the Tab,* an easy opening device you will appreciate.

DAY AND MARTIN, LTD.,
The Boot Polish Specialists,
LONDON, E.15. Established 1770.

Air: "*The Girl I Left Behind Me.*"

As from their nests the MARTINS shoot, When DAY'S first beams are dartin',
So shoots the beam from every boot, Refreshed by DAY & MARTIN.

WHY Pay Fire Insurance Premiums? See page 20 and fill in the forms!

IN THE CITY.

FINANCIAL NOTES AND ADVICE TO INVESTORS.

By Our City Editor.

Of course, the event of the week has been the publication of the terms of Peace to be imposed on the arrogant and apparently unrepentant Hun, but they have left the City cold, and there was not the smallest sign of a flutter on the Stock Exchange. Business, however, continues wonderfully good.

In Home Rails the yields at present prices are certainly attractive, and the average investor requires more for his money than he can get on Government loans, but the outlook is very obscure—a great deal of expenditure will have to be incurred before the systems are restored to pre-war conditions; and nobody knows what the effect of nationalisation schemes may be. On the other hand, some Foreign railways begin to look attractive, and Argentines particularly have good prospects. They have been severely handicapped by the price of fuel—but at relatively small cost locomotives can be converted to the use of oil fuel, and I believe this is being seriously taken in hand. Moreover, now that German "propaganda" money is becoming scarce, there will be less trouble with Labour, and the country is prospering wonderfully, owing to the high prices obtained for grain, meat, and wool.

New capital issues are still coming forward in large numbers, and as a rule they meet with considerable success—although the underwriters of the Vickers' emission were saddled with a large proportion of the shares. The principal new venture offered has been the British Motor Trading Corporation, formed with a capital of £2,000,000 to undertake hiring, repairing, and agency business. Of the 1,000,000 shares for which subscriptions were invited, the promoters, directors, and their friends made themselves responsible for £600,000, the most practical testimony to their faith in the concern, but it looks a rather ambitious scheme, and must be classed as speculative. However, as I have already said, there seems to be plenty of money about for anything that has a reasonable prospect of yielding more than the stereotyped 5 per cent. offered by Government loans.

Answers to Correspondents.

A. H. (Radnor Park).—You must either form a little syndicate among your personal friends or approach one of the big firms in the gun trade, and perhaps the latter is the better plan. You may bet on it that if your patent is any good the gun people already know all about it. W. C. R. (York).—Consols will certainly *not* be redeemed at par in 1923. The Government has the option to redeem them, but there is not the remotest chance of it being exercised. J. S. (Rothesay).—The war put a stop to any attempt to develop the property, and we are afraid the Company must now be regarded as a "bad egg." T. A. Y. (Nelson).—We do not recommend you to have any dealings with either of the firms mentioned. A. C. G. (Kingston, Jamaica).—The firm named is perfectly respectable, and so far as we know has no taint on it. Your interest is quite safe in its hands. "Aged" (Stanmore).—We believe the company is sound, but it is a mistake to have all your eggs in one basket. A. R. (E. Greenwich).—You are undoubtedly liable for income tax and must pay. It is no use trying to shirk; the revenue must be got somehow—although we agree that the Government is recklessly extravagant. But it would not help matters to refuse to pay taxes. C. E. F. (Lower Edmonton).—The concern is utterly worthless and you would be foolish to put any more money into it. What you have already "invested" you must regard as lost. A. R. (Keith).—The last report was not very encouraging, but the deferred shares may be regarded as a cheap gamble—no more than that. W. J. B. (Lydd).—We regard the shares as a fair industrial investment.

(A number of enquiries are held over until next week.)

RHYMES OF THE TIMES.

[*According to Dr. Leonard Williams, since women gave up high collars and adopted garments giving complete freedom to the neck, they have been sweeter tempered.*]

Dear Phyllis, I have often wondered why,
Since that far distant day when I proposed,
Although to you I've been as nice as pie,
Such irritable tempers you've disclosed:
Howe'er sincere my wish to keep you happy,
More oft than not you've been distinctly snappy!

I've sometimes feared the much prolonged delay
In making you my wife—prospect elysian!—
Which I could never do on Army pay)
Had somehow soured your gentle disposition;
And though your tantrums I have not begrudged you,
I find that all the while I have misjudged you!

Those chin-high collars you are wont to wear,
From chaste and maiden motives of a verity,
Some medical authorities declare
To be a cause of feminine asperity:
Abandon them, I prithee, from this day,
And bare your neck *à la décolleté*.

Do not be shy: with me 'tis neck or nothing;
Irate and bickering women I abhor:
Haste to dispense with your superfluous clothing
Or you and I must part, to meet no more;
If Dr. Leonard's right, I can conceive
How sweet a woman was our mother Eve!

"The Hidden Hand" Film can be seen this week at Dundee, Edenbank Cinema; Buckhaven, Globe Cinema; and next week at Aberdeen, Casino Theatre.

Keep pace with the times—

USE A "JOHN BULL" PEN.

'Ever-Ready' Safety Razor

Trade Mark Face

TO-MORROW morning have the quickest and cleanest shave you ever had. Buy an 'EVER-READY' Safety Razor.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

5/- COMPLETE WITH SIX RADIO BLADES

(Extra Blades 2/- for 6 or 4/- for 12.)

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Send for one To-Day from:—

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Dept. 35, Southport.

And at 67-69, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

How "Silent Simms" became a Master of Speech.

By Martin M. Byron.

"YOU are exasperating beyond words," shot out Mr. Worden. "Why didn't you keep Mr. Truesdale here? You knew I would be back in ten minutes."

Harry Simms gulped hard, and replied weakly, "I did try to keep him here, Mr. Worden, but he wouldn't stay."

"What? Wouldn't stay even ten minutes? Why you could have kept him that long without his realising it. Why didn't you *talk* to him about the weather, about peace, about the price of potatoes, about *anything*?"

This wasn't the first calling down I had heard Simms get. He had been with the firm for eight years and had reached the point where he was as much a fixture around the office as the desk or the chairs. He was so quiet that the only things that would start him talking were such momentous events as the beginning of the war or the end of the war. Even when his baby was born, Harry said only three words—"It's a boy."

It wasn't long before we nicknamed him "Silent Simms."

Yet the "Silent Sims" of two years ago is now our Sales Manager, regarded as one of the most brilliant men in our organisation, getting an annual salary that runs well into four figures, and is marked down for the vice-presidency!

How all this happened in so short a time makes one of the most remarkable stories of success I have ever heard. But let Harry tell the story as he told it to me when I asked him point-blank what sort of magic he used in transforming himself.

"Well," said Harry, "you remember when Mr. Truesdale came in that day and I could not hold him for ten minutes until the Chief got back? And when the Chief came back and found Truesdale gone, how he bawled at me? *That incident marked the turning point of my life.*

"It was the most humiliating experience I ever went through. I had been with the firm 8 years—was getting £8 a week—and was the office 'football.' I went home that night determined to learn how to talk convincingly, interestingly, and forcibly, so that I could hold people spell-bound, not only for 10 minutes, but by the hour. I did not want to become a public speaker—what I wanted was the ability to talk as a business asset. I bought numberless books on public speaking, but they all taught oratory, and were so complicated that I gave up almost in discouragement. I continued my search, however, and was rewarded a few weeks later by hearing about the work of Dr. Frederick Law, who was conducting a course in business talking and public speaking.

"You may be sure that I lost no time in attending the lectures. I went after them as eagerly as a hungry wolf goes after food. To my great surprise and pleasure I grasped the secret of being a convincing talker—the secret I had needed all my life—almost in the first lesson.

"Almost at once I learned why I was afraid to stand up and talk to others. I learned how to talk to a number of people at the same time. I learned how to make people listen to every word I said. I learned how to say things interestingly, forcibly and convincingly. I learned how to listen while others talked. I learned how to say exactly what I meant.

"And the whole thing was so simple that in a single evening I learned the secrets that turned me into a very dynamo of ambition. I knew that I had at last found the road to Mastery of Speech. I began to apply the principles at once, and found that my words were electrifying people. I began to get things done. It wasn't long before I was taken off my old desk and put at the city salesman's desk. You know how I made good. Seems almost like a dream now. Then, a short time later, I was given Roger's job on the road, in the hardest territory we have. And when I began to break records there the Chief wired me to come back and gave me Morgan's job as the sales manager.

"This great change came over me simply as a result of my having learned how to talk. I imagine there are thousands of others who are in the same boat in which I found myself and who could become big money-makers if they only learned the secret of being a convincing talker."

When Harry Simms finished, I asked him if I could not have the benefit of Dr. Law's Course, and he told me that only recently Dr. Law had prepared a complete course in printed form which contained precisely the same instructions as he had given in his lectures. I sent for it, and found it to be exactly as he stated. After studying the eight simple lessons I began to realise that Simms' success was the natural outcome of real ability to talk. For my own success with the Course has been as great as his. I can never thank Simms enough for telling me about Dr. Law's Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking.

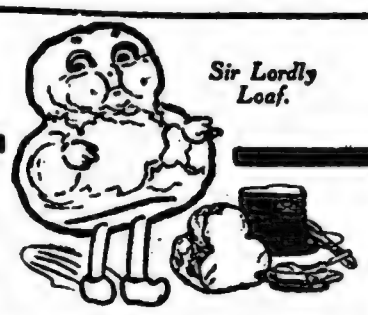
SEND NO MONEY.

So confident are the publishers of "Mastery of Speech," Dr. Law's Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking, of the result once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how you can, in one hour, learn the secret of speaking and how you can apply the principle of effective speech under all conditions, that they are willing to send you the Course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete Course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied, send it back any time within three days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the Course, send only 30s. in full payment. You take no risk, and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn, 35,000 men and women have ordered Dr. Law's Course during the last three months.

National Business and Personal Efficiency. Laws, Dept. 26.
THE STANDARD ART BOOK CO., LTD.,
60, Chancery Lane, W.C.2



Sir Lordly Loaf.

Sir Lordly has a very "light head,"
Thro' Calders Yeast, I've heard it said.

Calders Yeast

CALDERS YEAST CO., LTD., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

'Bynogen' Brings Health

THE conditions of modern life make heavy demands on the strength; the strain is felt in sleeplessness, mental fatigue, bodily exhaustion with nervousness and dyspepsia.

To maintain robust health the system must be strengthened to meet the tax put upon it.

'BYNOGEN' is a concentrated food which nourishes brain, nerves and tissues. It is rich in assimilable phosphorus, pure milk protein, and a specially prepared extract—in a soluble form—obtained from selected whole wheat and malt.

Of all Chemists at 1/9, 3/-, 5/- and 9/-

Allen & Hanburys Ltd., London.

Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather writes:—"I greatly appreciate your 'De Reszke' American Cigarettes. I never smoke anything but Virginia cigarettes myself, and I think yours very good indeed."

J. St. Loe Strachey, Esq., writes:—"Your 'De Reszke' Cigarettes are very mild and pleasant."

Madame Ada Crossley writes:—"This gentle 'smoke' I find both stimulating and soothing to the throat."

"Peace Proclaimed."

PLEASURE comes with quality—not quantity. Thus if you enjoy a good cigarette, take the advice of people who know and put "De Reszkes" to the test. They are sure to satisfy you.

Sold at all Military Canteens at Home and Overseas, also Tobacconists and Stores.

De Reszke CIGARETTES

Don't be "Too proud to insure"—avail yourself of our FREE Fire Insurance offer on page 20.

In giving publicity on this page to the views of correspondents, preference will be accorded to brief letters bearing name and address for publication.

All envelopes and letters must be marked "P.P." in left-hand corner.

THE PEOPLE'S PULPIT.

The readers of "JOHN BULL" discuss matters of Public Interest.

Letters for this page must relate to public, as distinguished from personal, topics.

For short acknowledgments of communications and replies to other letters—selected from our general mail—see "Letter Bag," page 18.

State Dentistry.

It would be a sensible idea if the Government brought out a scheme whereby the workers could have their teeth attended to on their doctor's recommendation by a competent Dental Surgeon at the cost of a penny or twopence weekly, paid by the workers and added to their insurance cards. This would do away with the numerous dental quacks who cause unnecessary suffering and pain.—F. C. FIRMSTON, Bickley Street, Tooting, London, S.W.17.

(*There can be no question about the importance of dentistry, and our correspondent's suggestion is worthy of serious consideration.*)

Those "Deferred Payments."

On demobilisation my total credit amounted to £20. Had I received this money in one sum, I could have clothed myself, paid board and room, and secured work. This is what happened: I was given £2 on dispersal, and £2 during each of the four following weeks. The balance was then credited to me in the Post Office Savings Bank. On calling there, I was allowed to draw only one pound, the remainder reaching me a week later. Result: five weeks wasted, and £10 spent on living expenses, the balance remaining being barely sufficient to purchase a civilian outfit.—JOHN C. CANNELL, Albert Street, Gloucester Gate, N.W.

(*We must hurry up the organisation and amalgamation of the Discharged Soldiers' Associations.*)

Practical Peace Celebrations.

How can one possibly think of Peace Celebrations with the tragedy of unemployment before us? The chief reasons are the failure of employers to reinstate the men as they left the Army, or offering them a wage. Instead of subscribing to Firework Funds, let them give these men work, and a living wage; that would bring real Peace to many homes in England to-day.—A. EARNSHAW, Odessa Rd., Forest Gate.

(*We are afraid that Government Controls and Restrictions are largely responsible for the unwillingness of employers to extend their works.*)

The Pressing Problem.

The housing problem requires clear thinking and vigorous action. Up to March 1st, only 214 out of 1,805 Local Authorities had submitted schemes—probably utterly inadequate—to the Local Government Board. Builders will do nothing and summer—the building season—will soon be past. Vested interests, when obstructive, should be ruthlessly handled. The immediate deportation of thousands of aliens would ease the situation. The country's defenders have the premier right to homes; and the nation is responsible for providing these homes.—C. A. WITHERS, Rectory Road, West Bridgford, Notts.

(*We will pass our correspondent's suggestion on to Dr. Addison, who is in charge of the Government's Housing Bill.*)

Five Guineas will be paid each week to the writer of what we consider to be the most interesting letter. That amount has been sent to Mr. O. R. Coates, the writer of the starred letter.

Service Men's Income Tax.

Instead of reducing the Excess Profits Tax from 80 to 40 per cent. why not grant for *one year* exemption from Income Tax on incomes up to £250 to all men who served in H.M. Forces during the war? E. WIGHTMORE, Wellington Street East, Higher Broughton, Manchester.

(*We will also press this proposal—upon Mr. Chamberlain.*)

Boxing for British Boys.

Boxing should be made compulsory at school. It helps boys to think and act quickly, besides making them healthy and strong, inculcates self-reliance, and best of all, it is British through and through, and teaches boys that which Britons are noted for all the world over—a proper understanding of "Fair Play."—ALF. H. CRAGG, Marsh Lane, Erdington, Birmingham.

(*We quite agree that boxing should be added to every school curriculum.*)

Why Not Tax Jewellery?

At a recent sale at Christies, one rope of pearls was sold for £83,200, another for £21,760 (nearly £400 a pearl) and a necklace for £10,100. Total for the three, £65,060. Comment on these fabulous prices for jewels which have not even the merit of art, and labour expended on them, is superfluous. Mr. Chamberlain has abandoned the Luxury Tax. Had he imposed a 50 per cent. tax on the sale price of jewellery these three transactions would have brought in £32,530, or more than half the revenue of the excise tax on British petrol.—O. R. COATES, Lawn Road, Hampstead.

(*We will bear this suggestion in mind when the Finance Bill comes before the House*).

"Without a Character."

When are the Army Authorities going to get a move on with the characters of the "Demobbed" men? They are demanded by the employers, and are essential in obtaining employment, yet they cannot be produced. There is no reason for this cruel delay.
A. H. NORFOLK, Mannock Road, Wood Green, N.

(*We quite agree that every man ought to bring his character book with him from the ranks.*)

Prosperous Germany.

In German Rhineland, whence I have lately returned, everything seemed to be prospering, and though I hate to make the comparison between their continued efficiency and our own half-hearted attempts at reaping the fruits of our great victory, it does strike one as very strange that our country which has suffered least through the ravages of war, and was formerly the foremost in industry, should now be unable to cope with the necessary work of re-construction!—JAS. A. RUSSELL, Hill Street, Garnethill, Glasgow.

(*We should like to know what towns in Germany our correspondent has visited.*)

Disposal of War Stores.

A suggestion that would find favour with thousands of soldiers is that the Government allow each unit to publish a list of the war stores for disposal in the vicinity of that unit, with prices attached, solely for the benefit of the soldier with a small capital. This would not entail so much work, as after the articles were priced by a competent officer, the detail of payment could be completed by the ordinary orderly room staff. Thousands of articles are now disposed of in bulk, and the little man is unable to obtain a single article without paying an exorbitant price for it from the first buyer.—SERGEANT E. W. CLIFTON, R.E., Inglethorpe Street, Fulham.

(*A very good suggestion, which we will pass on to the right quarter.*)

"Fiat Justitia."

When a discharged soldier is admitted to hospital, he has deducted from his pension 7s. per week, and the 20 per cent. bonus is disallowed. Surely a country which could spend seven millions a day for roughly four years should be able to afford free treatment to those who have become disabled through serving the country—which we all hope will soon be "fit for heroes to live in"?—JOHN F. HAMILTON, Totteridge Road, Enfield Wash.

(*Such cheeseparing methods should certainly be discontinued.*)

Badges for all Ex-Service Men.

The issue of a neat, universal, and distinctive badge—similar to the Silver Badge for disabled men—would be much appreciated by ex-service men. This would be a means of enabling a man who has "done his bit" to be easily distinguished from the C.O., or the so-called "indispensable" who has remained at home in a "cushy" position during the war.—HERBERT REED, Copmanthorpe, York.

(*We are quite bewildered with the multitudes of badges, but certainly think that every man who has done his bit should* AT ONCE *have a distinctive medal.*)

RACING NOTES AND ANTICIPATIONS.

THE CHESTER CUP AND JUBILEE.

By "THE SQUIRE."

There was a compensating influence overriding the failure of Buchan—my choice for the Two Thousand guineas—inasmuch as the latter's victor, Sir Alec Black's THE PANTHER, has been my chosen for the Derby right through the winter months. It was not his defeat in his trial that prevented me from voting for him on Wednesday last as much as my fear as to whether he would be quite fit enough. As I wrote last week, I feared he had not yet ripened for so strenuous a contest. THE PANTHER, however, confounded his critics and won like the high-class colt I have always taken him to be. Now his detractors are confronted with the none too pleasant task of unearthing something to overcome him in the "Victory" Blue Riband.

The draw on the quaintly shaped Chester track has such a big bearing on the results, that stay-at-home backers should speculate prudently. It does not affect the Chester Cup, which will probably be won by BUCKTHORN; failing him, the Irish horse PRINCE PHILIP may pull through.

Week's Selections: CHESTER.—WEDNESDAY.
Prince of Wales Welter—ORTORO.
Stewards' Plate—CELANDINE.
Chester Cup—BUCKTHORN.
Stamford Plate—†GALANTE FILLY.
CHESTER—THURSDAY.
Combermere Handicap—*SOMERVILLE.
Dee Stakes—BUCHAN.
Earl of Chester's Welter—THE MINORITE.
Great Cheshire Handicap—GLAUMERIN.
KEMPTON PARK—FRIDAY.
Stewards' Handicap—*DOMINION.
Kenton Plate—CHASSEUR.
Waldegrove Handicap—BUCKTHORN.
KEMPTON PARK—SATURDAY.
River Handicap—KING SOL.
Sunningdale Welter—*MATRUH.
"Jubilee"—ROYAL BUCKS; ZINORIA danger.

I am sorry I did not tip the Editor's horses for Sandown. I must admit he had assured me that before the season was over the backers of the Dicker stable would be all right, but, disappointed at Manchester, I ignored his advice. Better luck next time.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(*Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie."*)

"ST. LEONARD'S (ON SEA) PARISH CHURCH MAGAZINE":
"IN CONSEQUENCE of the Rector's illness, from which we trust he is SLOWLY recovering, the Churchwardens are glad to say that the year 1918 has been CLOSED WITH A SMALL CREDIT BALANCE."

"CRAVEN HERALD" (advertisement):—
"THE STUD: Barnoldswick BRASS BAND.—OPEN FOR ENGAGEMENTS."

"EVENING NEWS":—
"Parisiennes are wearing long undervests, with BUG turnover collars made of butcher-blue or rose Dubarry linen, with simple tailor-mades in the morning."

"SHEFFIELD DAILY TELEGRAPH" (Football report):—
"Hardy, especially, comes in for praise for a splendid display in GAOL."

"DAILY SKETCH":—
"Carrying newspapers and ten passengers a Handley Page AERODROME landed at Montrose at 9.15 yesterday morning."

"NORTH-WESTERN DAILY MAIL" (advertisement:—
"Wanted, a few OLD LADIES' BIKES."

COMPANY MEETING.

GODFREY PHILLIPS, LTD.

Growing Volume of Trade.

Mr. Joseph Phillips, at the annual meeting, said the Directors were convinced that they would be able to make good use of the new capital, and a perusal of the balance-sheet would show that the profits of last year were sufficient to pay the existing Preference dividends and leave enough to pay the interest on the new capital four times over.

AN UNDER-VALUED GOODWILL.

On the assets side of the balance-sheet they had the item of "good-will and brands," and he wished to lay emphasis on the nature of this asset. He thought this Company enjoyed a unique position in the respect that he personally, and very many more people, would be pleased to give the sum of £127,000 for one brand alone, viz., B.D.V. They would still have left, after selling that brand, many others, and a very big business.

The net profit showed an increase of £17,000, due to a great extent to the public demand for higher grade products.

After the payment of the Preference dividends, Interim Ordinary dividend, and the proposed final Ordinary dividend, it was proposed to place a further £20,000 to reserve, making it £60,000, and they would carry forward £94,000 subject to Excess Profits Duty.

The value of their sales in 1918 was five times greater than 1909.

Their cigarettes found favour wherever they went, and at the same time they had maintained their hold on the pipe tobacco side of the business. They believed that there was a greater future for the British-made cigar, that it was only necessary to conquer the prejudice now existing against it for the smokers to recognise that as good a cigar could be made in England as in Havana.

The adoption of the report and balance-sheet was carried unanimously.

Mr. C. J. Watts (from photo).

A Wonderful Experience

Cured of Stone at 76.

It is indeed a triumph when confirmed and agonising diseases are completely cured without an operation after years of suffering. Although the first symptoms may be slight, there is nothing so painful and dangerous as a fully developed kidney disease.

"I was racked with terrible backache and scalding burning pains in the bladder. I suffered intense discomfort and annoyance from urinary weakness. Eventually I became so ill that I could not bend or even turn over in bed. Month after month I lay, getting steadily worse, trying all kinds of remedies without success, until after four years I had practically given up all hope of being cured. Then one day I heard of De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills, and got a small box to try. I seemed to get relief, and after a second box I passed from the bladder two large ugly stones and several small ones, all covered with jagged crystals. This happened on December 30th, 1913, at about 6 o'clock in the morning. I afterwards showed these stones to the doctor who was amazed that such stones should have been passed without operation."

This is the testimony of Mr. Watts, who was 76 years of age at this time, and who is willing to confirm personally his statement to anyone who may choose to communicate with him at 62, Huntingdon Street, Barnsbury, N. Writing on February 11th, 1918, Mr. Watts says: "I am pleased to say I have had no return of my old complaint. I thank you sincerely for the wonderful cures De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills have effected on me, a man nearly eighty years of age."

It is the height of folly to neglect the early symptoms of kidney and bladder trouble. Gout, sciatica, lumbago, rheumatism, bladder inflammation, and Bright's disease cause more suffering and death than almost the whole of the remaining category of diseases.

Those backache and rheumatic pains—irregular action of the bowels—cloudy urine—general weakness and depression—are danger signals you should treat at once.

De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills go straight to the kidneys—cooling, healing, and flushing them out. Within 24 hours the relief from pain and a blue tinge in the urine prove that they are taking effect. Absolutely safe to take, they effect a permanent cure in almost every case.

De Witt's Kidney & Bladder Pills

De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills are sold only in white boxes, printed in blue and gold. You can obtain them from Boots and all other first-class Chemists and Drug Stores at 2/9 per box, or 5s. for one two and a half times as large—a great saving. If you have any difficulty in getting De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills, send your money direct to E. C. De Witt and Co., Ltd. (Dept. 142B), 44/45, Rathbone Place, London, W.1, who will gladly supply you by return, post free. Or if you would like to try them first, before purchasing, mention your Chemist's name, and a free trial box will be sent, plainly packed, by return post.

For every boot and every shoe there is a Paton Lace. And by purchasing

PATON'S BOOT & SHOE LACES

you guard against the annoyance of continually breaking laces. Paton's laces are quality laces, made of hundreds of mercerised threads so as to give long service. They never become shabby as the dyes are fast—so are the tags.

All British. Refuse inferior foreign made laces.

For Ladies' and Gents' wear.	*Per pair.*
Boot Laces . . .	3d. & 4d.
Shoe Laces (flat & tubular)	4d.
Leather Laces . .	6d. & 9d.

Your own dealer can supply you if you insist on Paton's.

Wm. Paton, Ld., Johnstone, Scotland.

P1

LIND'S LIQUID

WHY LOOK OLD BECAUSE OF GREY HAIR

WHEN THIS OLD AND PROVED REMEDY, WHICH IS HARMLESS &

NOT A DYE

WILL RESTORE YOUR HAIR IN ABOUT THREE WEEKS AND CURE DANDRUFF IN SEVEN DAYS.

THE HAIR GRADUALLY AND NATURALLY BECOMES ITS ORIGINAL SHADE AND REMAINS SO.

NEARLY ALL OUR CUSTOMERS REPEAT THEIR ORDERS—PROOF OF THEIR ENTIRE SATISFACTION.

SEND THREE PENNY STAMPS FOR SAMPLE TRIAL BOTTLE, TO

PAUL LIND LTD.

Chemists

819 Clyde House, 489a Oxford St. W.1

BICYCLE BARGAINS.—Write at once for clearance lists. Premiers, Humbers, Centaurs, Swifts, Triumphs, Rovers, Raglans Court Royals, etc., grand bicycles from £8 19 6 cash *(maker's price £15 15 0)*.—George King, Ltd., Great Cycle Dealer, Coventry

5 RULES FOR KEEPING DOGS HEALTHY

AND FREE FROM RABIES.

I. Don't expose him to the heat; provide shade.
II. Give him clean, fresh water.
III. Let him have a swim each day wherever practicable, and a walk in the cool of the evening.
IV. Feed boiled greenstuffs.
V. **FEED**

VICTORIA DOG BISCUITS

The 'Daily Mail' of April 17th suggests that heavy winter feeds should be discontinued, and recommends dry dog biscuits broken up. 'Victoria' Dog Biscuits are appetizing and are ALL nourishment. They keep dogs absolutely fit and do not overheat the blood. For your own and your dog's sake start feeding them now. The animal will then be in condition to withstand the hottest weather

FREE PRACTICAL TEST SAMPLE

sent on receipt of your own *and your dealer's* name and address.

SPILLERS & BAKERS Ltd.
339 Bute Street, CARDIFF

Free Information Bureau on all Poultry and Dog matters is at your service. All queries answered with pleasure. Give full details of feeds used, etc.

'Curacea'

Radiates Vitality

NOURISH YOUR NERVES.

When the Vital Forces languish, under the strain of work or worry, health goes, and often hope as well. CURACEA gives you the necessary strength to resist disease. It is the remedy for **Neuritis, Neuralgia, Nerve Exhaustion, Loss of Appetite, Sleeplessness, Neurasthenia.**

You will never regret trying a bottle. Fits Vest Pocket.

Of all Chemists and Stores, or post free 2/9, from

CURACEA COMPANY
(Section A), Elm Grove,
LONDON, S.E.15.

LADIES' FARM BOOTS.

Style No. 190.—Stout Grain Leather Upper, High Leg, stout toecap, outside back-strip, watertight tongue, extra large eyelets, strong English Leather Soles with steel slugs toe and joint, good square heel with quarter tip.

Cash with Order.

32/6

No. 190.

Sizes 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 (Size 8 1/- extra). Each size made in three different widths, No. 4 (medium), No. 5 (wide), No. 6 (extra wide).

THE MAXIMUM SHOE Co., Ltd.,
Dept. 70, Maximum Works, Northampton

NATURE'S CURE for NEURASTHENIA.

FREE BOOKLET BY EUGEN SANDOW.

Sufferers from Neurasthenia and Nervous Disorders are invited to write for a free copy of Mr. Sandow's booklet describing Neurasthenia, its causes, nature, development, danger, natural treatment and cure. A boon to all sufferers. If you suffer from

Nervousness	Insomnia
Fears	Worry
Depression	Lassitude
Forgetfulness	Weak Will
Self-Consciousness	Sudden
Trembling	Impulses

or any nervous trouble simply send your name and address on postcard and free booklet will be despatched to you.

EUGEN SANDOW, Sandow Curative Institute, Ltd., Dept. A., 32a, St. James' Street, London, S.W.1.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[*The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.*

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"SYMPATHISER" (Bocking).—So you "glory in our outspokenness"? What a glorious time you must be having!

Miss F. B. (Edgbaston).—We note your opinion that the Kaiser should be made to "sit down." Our own plan would be to make him sit up.

"REGULAR SUBSCRIBER" (Ladbroke Grove, W.)—Fancy describing a London daily newspaper as "the wet-nurse to the Conchies." Which can it be?

H. T. (Grays).—"Our politicians are living over a volcano." And before long they'll be up to their necks in the lava—if they don't watch out.

S. E. (East Sheen).—Cannot say why the Bank of England will not engage Stock Exchange clerks. Unless it thinks you are all naughty gamblers. Bankers never gamble. Oh, no!

"TORQUAY."—"I see you are backing Northcliffe. Not a bad judge, either. Bread and butter lies that way." Not even a scrape of margarine.

Mrs. A. B. (Clewer).—"2d. is not too much for JOHN BULL. It is all I have bought during the war value for the money, and no feeling of being done. By the way, I am a teetotaler." Even "the ranks of Tuscany could not forbear a cheer!"

M. M. (Shepherds Bush).—"Sent into Parliament by the scum of Hackney." What we said about clearing out the Germans seems to have annoyed you. Perhaps you are a starter.

W. W. T. (Angel Court).—Don't worry about "what Mr. Wilson virtually says in two places." What he actually says in one place is enough to go on with.

T. A. R. (Cricklewood).—You will see that many M.P.s have also got their backs up regarding the monstrous increase of travel fares. Rely that we shall take a hand in any Parliamentary row there is afoot.

"EX-CORPORAL" (Bognor).—"Rather let every man and woman celebrate Peace by giving something to help to better the welfare of the dependants our comrades have left behind." Better than monuments to the dead, certainly.

"ONE OF THE ORIGINAL DIGGERS" (Wyke Regis).—"You are one of those that profess to be a friend of the soldier, but I can't say you are." Never mind. Hundreds of thousands can, so *that's* all right.

SERGT. S. M. (Royal Air Force).—Please accept our warm thanks for your letter. The brave spirit of yourself and comrades, in spite of pain and suffering, is the one that will yet pull us through.

KATE K. (Hamilton).—"I like to hear frae ye, John—that's a name next my heart." And Kate is a name that means much to us, dearie.

W. M. B. (Elgin).—"We like your style please keep it up now you are a Member of Parliament." Rather, only more so. Have you seen our new standard suit?

PRIVATE G. (R.M.L.I.).—"The Royal Marines have done good work in this war on land and sea." So we would stand up and swear, though the heavens rained blood.

Mrs. A. (Liverpool).—Even a woman of 56 ought to find no difficulty in obtaining a good home at good wages as a general servant Experience and reliability should count.

A. H. (Plumstead).—"Be as good as you can." The same to you—and jam on Sundays.

J. H. (Colchester).—Sorry no room for acrostics, although yours is so sweetly conceived that we have been tempted to pencil it on our shirt-cuff.

M. H. G. (Lloyd Street, W.C.).—We quite agree with you that "dirty food is not healthy." Looks as though you have been swotting up a medical encyclopedia.

Mrs. A. K. (Oxford).—"If everyone gave one penny a week in the United Kingdom, I reckon it would come to something like £166 a year." Quite that—perhaps a little more.

G. J. (Toronto).—"Open-air Mass Meetings of the Unemployed army" in Toronto are not encouraging to emigrants. "East, West, Home's best!"

A. V. (Bristol).—"Take it from me there will be plenty of cheese in the middle of April," you said. We will take it from anybody; but where is it?

"THE BOX" (Chatham).—"Look out for the Qeen of Rumania. She now about the Bluebeard, and there you find the lost poor Qeen. Think that ovear. Keep I on her." It looks like a clue for Sherlock Blake or Sexton Holmes.

BESSIE M. (Glasgow).—Sorry only one prize went to Glasgow in the recent Beauty Competition. Perhaps Glasgae's lassies are too good to be beautiful?

OLD STOCKWELLIANS.—The Trustees of Spurgeon's Orphanage, Stockwell, are anxious to secure the names of the old Stockwellian boys who fell in the war, as a permanent Memorial is being prepared at the institution. Write to the Secretary.

F. T. (Tonbridge).—Many fools were born to enable the Premium Watch Co. to live.

A. T. O. (Carnarvon).—The Land Valuation Department was a very costly and unprofitable organisation for the country before the war, but that is no reason why the men who were employed therein before joining up should not receive proper consideration on their return to civil life.

"ONE OF THE BOYS" (Ripon).—"We are writing to ask you whether there are wheels on an aeroplane or not." In return, we should like to ask whether you are a member of a blind squad.

A. J. F. (London, S.W.).—"I will pick up my JOHN BULL and lose myself for an hour." Tut! JOHN BULL more often helps people to *find* rather than to lose themselves.

H. R. S. (Willesden Green).—The facts you relate are scandalous. The authorities should have fixed a standard price for dog-muzzles.

W. P. (Manchester).—Although in receipt of an Army pension, you are quite at liberty to expound "your views"—so cheer up, and spout away.

T. B. M. (Motherwell).—We are in receipt of your complaint anent the whisky that "would not kill a bug." Some that we have sampled would poison a rhinoceros.

F. B. (Bridgeport, Conn.).—Your breezy letter to hand. How did you come to fall out of bed?

W. E. (Holloway).—To say that "two young ladies came aboard in mid-ocean" was not a bad way of announcing the birth of two babies at sea.

"MOTHER."—If the man really has got drunk every day for six years, at the same public-house, the publican would probably lose his licence if you informed the police. And serve him right.

"JAMIE CAMMELL" (Edinburgh).—"Next time, just put Fort George, N.B." Yes, and then 1,000 angry Macs would scream that "N.B." is an insult to bonnie Scotland.

B. C. (Queen's Park), apropos of an employer who offered him £2 a week as a "rough joiner," says he earns 35s. a week walking about. "How do bosses expect men to be honest?" Some of them do seem to expect a lot for little.

"SLEEPLESS TOMMIES" (Bedford).—"The wisdom of your Letter Bag holds us spellbound. . . Sleeping six in a room, and one snores. Tell us what to do." That's dead easy. Stick a clothes peg on his nose.

"NEW ZEALAND FAIRPLAY" (Salisbury).—Heavens, man! don't worry about what the *Daily News* said concerning your football. The *D.N.* never was a sport—doesn't understand it. Don't trouble about trifles.

C. D. (B.E.F., France).—Distinctly rude of *The Motor* to suggest that the Government has "expeditiously demobilised the burglars and car thieves." Some journalists seem to delight in slandering the British Army.

ISABELLA S. (Roschill-on-Tyne).—"I had a message from my Bible . . . to say Peace would be declared on Easter Monday." People who pretend to find impossible prophecies in the Scriptures must be prepared for disappointments.

H. C. W. (Penzance).—Glad the mention of JOHN BULL galvanised the Bradford Woollen Company into sudden activity, and procured the return of the money which you paid six or seven months ago.

J. H. (Hayes End).—"Do you know a gentleman with a few thousands lying idle?" It is only gentlemen with a few thousands who can afford to lie idle.

"ANON" (London, E.).—Many thanks for the Out-Patients' Letters for the City of London Hospital for Diseases of the Chest.

"MENS SANA" (Tottenham).—Afraid you rather missed the point of our paragraph. Get someone to lend you a sense of humour.

"ARDENT ADMIRER" (Old Trafford).—"The unrest starts from the stomach." Yes, that's pretty near the seat of the trouble.

"NIL DESPERANDUM" (Highbury).—The disposition in some quarters to make public heroes of released Conchies has no sympathy from us.

PRIVATE C. J. S. R. (British Expeditionary Force).—First time we have heard it suggested that a mustard-leaf formed part of the Highlander's regulation outfit. It would be employed, we imagine, as a chest-protector.

PRIVATE E. S. (Rouen).—It is against our rules to publish "fake" questions on this page, the queries selected being the genuine product of our readers' inquiring minds.

M. J. A. (Watford).—Glad to know you found us such good company while hubby was away. We speak editorially, of course.

T. J. L (Australian Imperial Force).—We have not the pleasure of your acquaintance, but the news that you have "just arrived in Southampton" is meat and drink to us, as long as *you* are happy.

"ONE WAR WIDOW" (Eccles).—"I know one girl who goes three times each Monday to different picture places; and also every night to some amusements." Takes the Eccles cake, doesn't she?

O. B. (Handsworth).—A Frenchwoman laments she is allowed only 7s. unemployment money, because of her alien birth. We shou'd lament also, in her case.

H. G. (Cloughton).—"Let some physicians pay less attention to sustaining the freak offspring of the rich and more to those who are worth saving, and it will beseem them better." It is a gruesome subject.

C. P. (London)—"'White Snow,' by a Young Actress," is, we believe, a genuine story of the terrors of doping.

L. T. R. (Wood Green).—There is nothing antagonistic between the principle of Business Government and the Co-operative movement, except that a B.G. would insist on the Co-ops. paying income-tax the same as the struggling tradesman.

J. W. C. (Notting Hill).—"England is not elastic." Therefore we do not bounce.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

A TYPICAL LETTER.

H.M.S. "Petrobus,"
SCAPA FLOW.
8th March, 1919.

Dear Sir,

. . . The "JOHN BULL" Pen is without doubt the finest pen on the market. I have been using your "Standard Model" this last seven years, and it is as good now as when I first received it The new one is for presentation, and, in my opinion, is about as good a gift as one could wish to have.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) A. H. DOBBS,
Sub-Lieut., R.N.R.

"JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon. Value 2d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 3s. and 1½d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 6 from "John Bull" from this date may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus, you may send 7 coupons, and P.O. for 2s. only, and 1½d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL, 1s. Extra.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (*May 17th, 1919.*)
P.O.s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.
N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

THE NEW BATTLESHIP MODEL

O-Cedar Polish Mop

O-CEDAR MOPS WERE initiated to the homes of Great Britain in 1911, and have been growing in favour ever since.

They are now used by the million, and have become an essential part of every well-ordered home.

Saves time—money—work.

Obtainable of all Stores, Hardwaremen, &c.

Manufacturers:
The Channel Chemical Co., Ltd.,
41-43 Old St., London, E.C.

THE BATTLESHIP MODEL

O-Cedar Polish Mop

WITH ADJUSTABLE HANDY-HANDLE-HINGE

Pick the machine you like best

and

have it on 7 days' FREE TRIAL

What this Free Trial Offer Means.

AFTER receiving your instructions on our order form, duly filled up, we will send you, carriage paid, the gramophone you select, safely packed and without delay. If you are not more than pleased with the "Princess" Gramophone when you've tried it in every way and tested its good-class workmanship and works, pack it up again and return it AT OUR EXPENSE within seven days and undamaged, and we will return every penny of your deposit or price without demur or delay!

You are protected in every possible way.

If we can do more to prove to you the genuiness of this excellent offer, please tell us.

This model represents the best quality low price Gramophone on the market. This is a standard machine, not a hybrid concoction which spoils the Records with a scraping, gurgling sound, the irritating sound that makes music lovers despair and candid friends say, "What a rotten machine." No; the "Princess" is delightful in tone, clearness, and power, and very well made

To CATESBYS, LTD., LONDON, W.1.

Please send me your Free Gramophone Catalogue and Order Form, as I wish to take advantage of your Free Trial offer.

Name .....

Address .....

Lloyds .....

CATESBYS LTD., Tottenham Court Road, LONDON, W.

Rudge the Rural Roads

of old England—it's the safest and most delightful method of road travel.

The Rudge-Whitworth Bicycle is the strongest and most popular machine on the road. Perfect in every detail and fitment, equipped with every comfort-giving device, it has been aptly called "Britain's Best Bicycle." Fast, light and brilliantly finished, its appearance gives a note of distinction much appreciated by good judges.

Let the Rudge-Whitworth be *YOUR* choice this season.

Write for Catalogue, post free from nearest agents, or direct from

Rudge-Whitworth Ltd.
(Dept. 379), COVENTRY.

London Depot:
230 Tottenham Court Road
Oxford Street end, W.1

R. 418

By Appointment Cycle Makers to H.M. King George

Rudge-Whitworth
Britain's Best Bicycle

The IDEAL CYCLE & MOTOR TENT

For 2 or 3 persons at home or abroad. Easily carried.

"IMPROVED GIPSY" TENT.

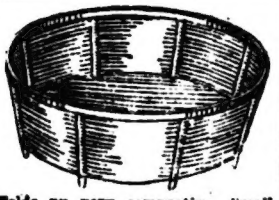
Note extension back and double roof, also overlap to carry rain from tent base. (Reg. design.) Weight 40 ounces. Price £6 6s. complete with poles, pegs and line.

PRE-WAR OPINION

(Confirmed by hundreds of Officers on active service.)

"I cycle-camped for a month through France, Switzerland and Germany with a friend. We met with all sorts of weather, but the tent proved to be perfectly watertight. I am 6ft. 2in., and my friend well above the average, but we found the accommodation inside the tent ample, even in wet weather. The double roof keeps out the heaviest rain indefinitely. The tent is very strongly and carefully made, and wonderfully cheap."

LITEWATE FOLDING BATH.



Folds up very compactly. Small enough to go into overcoat pocket.

No.		Price
1 Diam.	28 in., weight 15 ozs.	28/-
2 "	36 in., " 21 ozs.	42/-
3 "	39 in., " 2¼ lbs.	45/-

These are among many useful articles supplied by the

LIGHT-WEIGHT TENT COMPANY,
61, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Send 2d. for lists to Dept. H.

What About the Future?

The International Correspondence Schools have helped more men to successful future than any other institution in the world. I.C.S. training is simple, quick, and certain. At little cost it comes to you wherever you are, at home or overseas, aboard ship, in hospital, or barracks, and follows you round wherever you go. Post the coupon NOW!

International Correspondence Schools, Ltd.,
31, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2.

Please send me your free book containing full particulars of the Course of Correspondence Training before which I have marked X.

—Mining	—Business Training
—Mechanical	—Secretaryship
—Draughtsmanship	—Salesmanship
—Electrical	—Advertising
—Building	—Window Dressing
—Marine	—Textiles
—Meters	—Chemistry
—Steam	—Wireless Telegraphy
—Boiler	—Woodworking
—Agriculture	—Furniture
—Poultry Farming	—Fruit Farming
—Civil Engineering	—Careers for Women

NOTE.—If the subject desired is not in the above list, write it here.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

HEADACHE & NEURALGIA

CURE them at once — the quick, safe, easy way — with DAISY.

Let the very next head or nerve pain that comes remind you to take DAISY—the preparation whose work in life it is to *cure* those pains more quickly, more safely and more certainly than they can be cured in any other way.

DAISY

A 6d. HEADACHE CURE for 2d.

DAISY is sold by stores and chemists everywhere at 2d. each; 6 for 1/-; 20 for 2/3; 60 for 6/-.
DAISY LTD., LEEDS

REDFERN CYCLE TYRES

There's a Redfern Tyre at *your* price.
Your Dealer has it.
It's the extra "life" in Redfern Rubber that gives the extra mileage.

MAN'S BEST FRIEND deserves
Dog's Best Food

SPRATTS

DOG CAKES & PUPPY BISCUITS

Always alert and healthy, a dog fed on "Spratt's" is the best of companions and a reliable guardian for the home

LIVERPOOL VICTORIA

FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

Chief Office: ST. ANDREW STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

CLAIMS PAID £13,500,000
INVESTED IN WAR LOAN.....£2,460,000
AMOUNT PAID IN WAR CLAIMS NEARLY...£700,000

Life and Endowment Assurances at Popular Rates.

Our numerous Branch Offices and Agents throughout the Kingdom transact National Health Insurance.

ARTHUR HENRI, Secretary.

GRAVES OF SHEFFIELD

Write for patterns, post free, of Suits, Costumes, Coat Frocks, Robes, Raincoats, Dress Materials, Household Drapery, etc., or Catalogues of Watches, Jewellery, Workers' and Boys' Clothing, Footwear, Sheffield Cutlery, Gramophones and Records, Lino, Carpets, Prams, Cycles, Tyres, Bedsteads and Bedding, Sewing Machines, Furniture, Poultry Appliances, etc.

EASY J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD TERMS

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every representative at the time of purchase and the made through any trade advertisement in our firm whose trade announcement appears in date of payment, either in full or of first instal- columns, we will refund the purchase money, JOHN BULL, s.e., we hold ourselves responsible ment, and if any reader can show just cause for provided the goods complained of are sent to for their being of the quality and standard dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods within one week from the date of original purchase. All communications should be addressed to JOHN BULL, Advertisement Department, 92, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

FIRE is an every day risk—Accept our FREE Insurance offer on page 20.

'Bullets' WHITSUN Offer

2nd PRIZE £100

10 PRIZES of £5

10 PRIZES of £2-10

50 PRIZES of 10/-

£1000

FIRST PRIZE

400 PRIZES of 5/-

1,000 PRIZES of 2/6

3rd PRIZE £25

7,000 "TARGET" PRIZES

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the Forty examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the examples chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with any letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. These examples will guide you:—Example:—After The Race. Bullet:—Sadder And Wiser. Example:—Most Unpleasant When. Bullet:—Demobilised Out Of Work. Competitors may send in two BULLETS for sixpence. If more coupons are used an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this competition will be found in our issue dated June 14th.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 332.

IF BOTTOMLEY WERE PREMIER	TRYING THE KAISER	WILSON'S FAREWELL	WHEN GERMANY SIGNS
BREAKING THE RECORD	A GOOD START	UPSETTING THE CABINET	ARMY OF OFFICIALS
FIRST FLIGHT	WHO PAYS?	BUILDING TRADE	UNDEFEATED
TRYING TO FORGET	GAMBLING	LONG STOCKING	WE'LL NEVER FORGET
HOLIDAY SPIRIT	BAD BEGINNING	GOOD AS GOLD	RATES AND TAXES
UNAPPROACHABLE	A TOUCHING STORY	CLINGING TO POST	RANK INJUSTICE
FATHER'S MISTAKE	OVERCROWDED	AFTER THE GIRLS	MAKES WIFE GROSS
SHOULD BE MUZZLED	I DON'T LIKE	MATRIMONIAL TROUBLES	TEETOTAL DRINKS
DEALING WITH BOLSHEVIKS	MERRY WIDOW	AT THE LAUNDRY	THE OFFICIAL WAY
RUNNING RIOT	AFTER THE RACE	NOT SATISFIED	MOST UNPLEASANT WHEN

No ..... **Closing Date, Thursday, May 29th.**

Example.....

Bullet .....

Example.....

Bullet .....

(332) P.O. No.....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
If 1 coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

Signed .....

Address .....

No..... **Closing Date, Thursday, May 29th.**

Example.....

Bullet .....

Example.....

Bullet .....

(332) P.O. No.....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

Signed .....

Address .....

No..... **Closing Date, Thursday, May 29th.**

Example.....

Bullet .....

Example.....

Bullet .....

(332) P.O. No.....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.

Signed .....

Address .....

No..... **Closing Date, Thursday, May 29th.**

Example.....

Bullet .....

Example.....

Bullet .....

(332) P.O. No.....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
If 4 coupons are used P.O. for 2/- must be sent.

Signed .....

Address .....

☞ IF UNABLE TO SECURE EXTRA COUPONS YOU CAN WRITE YOUR "BULLETS" ON PLAIN PAPER.
Envelopes should be marked "BULLETS" No. 332, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 333.

WHAT PUBLIC DEMANDS—HOLDING HIS OWN—HELIGOLAND—A GOOD JUDGE—NEARING THE END—GOING UP—MAKES BOTTOMLEY SMILE—A BIG DISAPPOINTMENT—EASY PAYMENTS—TIME GENTLEMEN—A BAD START—HARD TO TELL—COMPANY PROMOTER—IN THE PUB—I WOULD LIKE—FUN OF THE FAIR—IN CONFIDENCE—CANNOT BE BEATEN—MY BETTER HALF—WHEN SWEETHEARTS KISS

These examples can be made use of on the coupons above, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, JUNE 5th.** All coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **333,** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons must be addressed "Bullets" **No. 333,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons must not contain any of the Forty examples for Competition **332.**

List of 10s. Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition 329 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

Result of 329th 'Bullets' Competition.

FIRST PRIZE OF £500:

Mr. JOSEPH E. DIXON,
200, Dean Road, South Shields.

Example:—The Big Four.
Bullet:—Must Have Christened Themselves.

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. GEORGE TINKLER,
68, Mountjoy Square, Dublin.

Example:—Rubbing It In.
Bullet:—Safe From The Pulpit.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. HENRY SMITH,
15, Knutsford Street, Clapham, London, S.W.

Example:—Celebrating Peace.
Bullet:—In Absence Of Plenty.

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Mr. B. Boswell, 19, Mill Street, Redhill, Surrey: The Wisest Plan—Silent Criticism In Russia.
Mr. J. H. Allsopp, Crickadarn, Erwood, Brecon: Awaiting Orders—And Titles—Usual Crowd.
Mr. D. Connolly, R.I.C., Dingle, Co. Kerry: A Big Mistake—Thinking Secrecy Buys Confidence.
Mr. L. Waddington, 318, Wigan Road, Atherton: Tommy's Record—Hasn't Suffered Like Him
Mr. J. E. Waterhouse, 18, Bradbury Street, Ravensthorpe: Thinking It Over—Germany Wants "Fresh Blood."
Mr. J. Stevens, 143, Coventry Road, Birmingham: Most Embarrassing When—Workers Become "Leisured Classes."
Mr. F. J. Kendall, 25, Monmouth Road, Dorchester: The Wisest Plan—Retire When You're "Comfortable."
Miss N. Dean, The Downshire, Bracknell, Berks: Fooling—With Dangerous Weapons—Labour.
Mr. A. F. Mason, 13, East Street, Farnham, Surrey: Celebrating Peace—Getting Home "Done Up."
Mr. A. W. Davies, 27, Eckstein Rd., Clapham Junct.: Thinking It Over—Worker Examining Balance Sheet.

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

Mr. W. Smith, 23, High Street, Brockmoor, Staffs: Tommy's Record—Of Government Treatment, Unprintable. (Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)
Mrs. S. D. Smith, 62, Thirsk Road, Clapham Common: A Big Mistake—War Didn't Kill Politics.
Mr. H. I. Brock, St. James's Gate, Dublin: Mr. Henpeck—His Luck Is "Out."
Mr. J. Nicol, Sims Bldgs., Aberlour-on-Spey, Banffshire: A Hot Favourite—Till He Attacked Newspaper.
Mr. J. Hammond, 7, Lower Boxley Road, Maidstone: Shut Up—Seldom Shouted At Bottomley.
Mr. E. W. Alleyne, 35, Newton Road, Westbourne Grove, W.: Tommy's Record—In Danger "No Fear."
Miss D. Nilsen, 25, St. James's Square, Bath: Hardly Won—Old Age, In Russia.
Mr. W. Massey, 134, The Green, Darlaston: Getting Home—Cupid—Then His Victims.
Mr. W. Redburn, 19, Beaconsfield St., Blyth, Northd. The Wisest Plan—Fools Often Stumble On.
Mr. H. E. Sullivan, 33, Newton Road, Bayswater, W.: Howling Swells—Over The Conference "Bone."

BULLETS RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to John Bull and crossed _____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

THE

JOHN BULL GREAT FREE FIRE INSURANCE

COVERING ALL RISKS BY FIRE TO HOME, LIFE & LIMB

UNDER this most unique FREE INSURANCE OFFER anyone above the age of 10 can be insured irrespective of sex. The premium charged by any Fire and Accident Insurance Company to secure similar benefits would certainly exceed 5s. per annum. We offer it to you absolutely free.

We have made our insurance as simple and comprehensive as possible, and shall not bother about any "Legal representative" or "next of kin." Claims will be paid to the registered reader, who must personally sign the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else.

A separate coupon must be filled up in respect to each person to be insured.

This offer applies only to persons residing in, and property situated in, England, Scotland, and Wales.

The full conditions governing this scheme will be published in the first issue of each month.

WHAT WE WILL PAY:

For Damage to contents of Home by Fire up to	£200
In case of Death directly due to Fire at Registered Reader's home	£200
For the Loss of Two Limbs or Both Eyes, or One Limb and One Eye	£200
For the Loss of One Limb or One Eye ..	£100
Medical Fees for Injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his, or her, employment, up to ..	£10
In the event of a Temporary Total Disablement up to 13 weeks..	£1 per week

ORDER FORM
To be Retained by Newsagent.

To .....
Newsagent.

Please deliver "JOHN BULL" to me regularly until further notice

Signed .....

Address .....

May 17, 1919.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to John Bull Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM
Which must be posted to—
John Bull Insurance Dept., Long Acre, W.C.2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of John Bull with

.....Newsagent, of

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)
Home Address .....

May 17, 1919. .....

To remain qualified for the benefits, readers must continue to have "John Bull" regularly supplied to them.

Unless 1d. stamp if an acknowledgment of receipt of Registration Form is required.

WHAT WILL WIN THE DERBY?

£1,000! MUST BE WON! NO ENTRANCE FEES! £1,000!

To celebrate the First After-the-War DERBY, and to test the racing skill of our readers, we are this week offering the sum of ONE THOUSAND POUNDS for correctly placing the first three horses in the forthcoming Derby, or for the best forecast of the result.

What You Have to Do.

YOU will find on this page a coupon. On it in the space opposite "1st" *you must write in ink the name of the horse,* as as given on the list below, which you think will win the Derby. Opposite "2nd" you must write the name of the horse which you think will finish Second, and opposite "3rd" the name of the horse which you think will finish Third.

So that if you think "THE PANTHER" will win, you will simply write "The Panther" in the space against "1st" on the coupon. If you think that "LORD BASIL" will finish Second, you will simply write "Lord Basil" in the space against "2nd" on the coupon. If you think that "PAPER MONEY" will finish Third, you will simply write "Paper Money" against "3rd."

At the time of going to press it is impossible to state for certain which horses will run in the forthcoming Derby. All the probable runners are printed first in black type; it does not follow these will all run. The names of the other horses, in smaller type, are those that have been entered, but which may or may not run.

In order to assist you to make a correct forecast, you are advised to read the papers day by day, and to study the form of the horses.

Remember this is a skill competition, and you must utilise judgment and discrimination in filling up your coupon.

The Thousand Pound Prize.

We shall award the cash prize of One Thousand Pounds to the competitor correctly placing the first three horses in the forthcoming Derby. In the event of nobody doing this, the prize will be awarded for the nearest correct forecast received.

Should more than one competitor be equally successful, the prize money will be divided.

The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this Competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Attempts can only be made on coupons taken from this page They must not be enclosed with any "Bullets" coupons or correspondence.

NO ENTRANCE FEES! YOU CAN SEND AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE. £1,000 MUST be won.

List of Probable Runners.

ARDVILLE
AVATAR
BAYUDA
BERGLEUSE
BRITANNIA
BUCHAN
CARAPACE
CYGNUS
DOMINION
EXFORD
GIRVAN
GOLDEN ORB
GRAND PARADE
KHALIFAH
KNIGHT OF THE AIR
LORD BASIL
MAKEPEACE
MAPLEDURHAM
MILTON
OBSERVATEUR
PAPER MONEY
PESARO
RACKET
RAPIDAN
ROAMER
SENTRY
STEPAN THE GREAT
TANGIERS
THE PANTHER
VERTIGO
VICEROY
WILSON
WHITE HEAT

List of Possible Runners.

ALL ALONE.
ALLIANCE.
ARCHGIFT.
BAY OF NAPLES.
BAY TREE.
BIWA.
BRANTIGNY.
BRUMADO.
CAVIAR II.
CHARIOTEER.
CHAUD.
CHEAP POPULARITY.
CLARION.
COMET.
CORIOLANUS.
CYCLAMEN.
CYLGAR.
CYPHER.
DANEGELT.
DANIEL.
DARK MAGIC.
DAYBREAK.
DORSET.
DOUBLE NOTE.
ELLA CORDERY.
ELSINORE.
EXTRADITION.
FIRE KING.
GALATEE.
GLANMERIN.
GRAND ALMONER.
HELIX.
IRISH LAKE.
KING'S IDLER.
LIBERTY BOND.
McKINLEY.
MANDARIN.
MELCHESTER.
MILLPOND.
MONTEITH.
ORBITO.
PALATINA.
PHIL.
POLYGON WOOD.
POMAR.
POMME-DE-TERRE.
POWERFUL.
PREGADOR.
QUEEN'S GUILD.
REPARATION.
ROYAL DIAMOND.
ROYAL WEATHER.
SAN POL.
SARDIS.
SIR DOUGLAS.
SIR WILLIAM.
SKYRAKER.
SPLENDID SPUR.
SPLUTTER.
STARSHOT.
SYMONS WAY.
TENSION.
THE MINORITE.
THE SPHINX.
TOURVILLE.
TROWBRIDGE.
WAR BOND.
WAR CALL.
WAR CAP.
WAR CRY.
WAR DREAM.
WAR DRIVE.
WAR DUTY.
WAR FAME.
WAR MARVEL.
WAR PAINT.
WAR STRENGTH.
WELLINGFORD.
WILLONETTE.
WINMARLEIGH.
WYANDANCE.

Entrance Forms must be cut, not torn out.

"JOHN BULL" ENTRANCE FORM DERBY COMPETITION.

Closing Date JUNE 3rd

1st — Write clearly in ink, in the space opposite this arrow, the name of the horse you think will win the Derby.

2nd — Write clearly in ink, in the space opposite this arrow, the name of the horse you think will be placed second in the Derby.

3rd — Write clearly in ink, in the space opposite this arrow, the name of the horse you think will be placed third in the Derby.

I enter the JOHN BULL Derby Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page and agree to accept the published decision as final and legally binding.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

YOU CAN SEND AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

All coupons must be posted to reach us on or before Tuesday, June 3rd. Envelopes to be addressed DERBY COMPETITION, "JOHN BULL," 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2. Write "Competition" in the top left corner of envelope.

AND NOW TRY "BULLETS" ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE. Over 8,000 Prizes to be won!

WHATEVER your position—you will appreciate our FREE Fire Insurance offer on page 20.

IT'S INDIGESTION

Not the Liver

CICFA IS THE CURE

When you are travelling, visiting, or eating away from home it is not the Liver, it is Bowel Indigestion which causes that troublesome CONSTIPATION—CICFA removes that trouble.

READ THE REASON WHY

You have a Liver. You think it is affected. The chances are 10 to 1 that your Liver itself is perfectly sound, but its action is being upset by frequently dosing it with purgatives, etc., and as a consequence your food is not digesting, but fermenting and creating gases.

As it is rolled down the Bowel the starchy part, like bread, potatoes, beans, etc., is formed into little hard dry masses or "Starch Balls," which block the passage, and you have Constipation, also a defective Bile Circulation. Fermentation continues, and acids and impurities from the undigested food are absorbed through the wall of the Bowel into the blood and poured on into the Liver. Though your Liver may be quite healthy, it is soon overworked and giving you troublesome symptoms; therefore your symptoms are not due to an affected Liver, but to those acids and impurities which are formed by indigestion in the Bowel and carried on to the Liver.

GASES in Stomach or eructations.
Sharp, Neuralgic HEADACHES.
ACID in Stomach with HEARTBURN.
TONGUE coated white all over.
COMPLEXION blotchy, with red-ness of Nose, Spots & Pimples.
EATING not desired. Vomiting occasionally.
PAINS darting through Chest & Burning Spot between Shoulder Blades.
Do you know CICFA is the only remedy which cures BOTH STOMACH INDIGESTION with its HEARTBURN, PALPITATION etc. AND BOWEL INDIGESTION with its ACIDITY, FLATULENCE, CONSTIPATION etc.
GASES in BOWEL or Flatulence.
Dull, Heavy HEADACHES.
ACID in the Blood causing (a) Teeth on edge, (b) Gout, (c) Rheumatism.
TONGUE coated yellow at back.
COMPLEXION muddy or pasty.
EATING disliked or loathed Biliousness and bad taste in mouth.
PAINS in Bowels, Griping and CONSTIPATION with all its misery.

Your Blood becomes impure and more acid, affecting your joints and deep muscles, causing Rheumatism, Lumbago, and Sciatica.

It is therefore useless to treat the Rheumatism, the Lumbago, the Sciatica, or the Liver. They are not at fault. The fault lies in the Bowel Indigestion. You must cure that Indigestion.

Probably you suffer also from Acid Dyspepsia.

Whether you have Acid Dyspepsia or some other form of Stomach Indigestion, it should receive immediate attention, because each stage of Digestion affects each succeeding stage, so that the upsetting of digestion in one portion of the tract quickly affects digestion in other portions. Ordinary indigestion remedies, such as Pepsin, Bismuth, Soda, Rhubarb, etc., cannot therefore be expected to cure you, for at best they can only help in local spots, **while any remedy which can Cure must be able to correct the errors of Digestion wherever they are occurring throughout the whole alimentary tract.**

Cicfa is the only preparation which can do this, and Cicfa has this power because its discoverer succeeded in combining such Digestive Ferments as would ensure perfect digestion at every point along the whole alimentary tract.

Cicfa therefore cures because it ensures complete digestion of all the Albuminous food in the stomach and all the Starchy Food in the Bowel, corrects the Bile Circulation, prevents fermentation and the formation of "Starch Balls," so that all the nourishment is absorbed into the blood, the refuse is normal, and there can be no Constipation. Cicfa, in fact, contains that perfect combination of Digestive Ferments which Nature requires to ensure this. That's why Cicfa cures.

Cicfa has been taken up by over 16,000 British doctors, many of whom have written us of the splendid results secured upon themselves and patients by Cicfa.

Forty Years a Chemist, never recommended patent medicines, but he recommends and uses CICFA. Read what he says:

8th Feb., 1919.

I am writing to inform you of the great benefit I have derived from Cicfa. I have been a sufferer from Indigestion for some time, and have tried many remedies without effect. A friend persuaded me to try Cicfa, and the result has been marvellous. **All fermentation of food and flatulence have disappeared,** and I look forward with pleasure to a meal instead of dread, as formerly. **I have been in business as a Chemist for over 40 years,** and have never recommended patent medicines, but I can with confidence **advise any sufferer** from indigestion to **give Cicfa a trial.**

(Signed) "G."

16,000 BRITISH DOCTORS have taken up Cicfa. Very many of them have written us privately of the splendid results which they have obtained by its use. **When thousands of British doctors are satisfied with Cicfa, you do not need a sample with which to test it. There can be no better proof.** You can proceed to take it at once. Purchase from your Chemist. **(All Chemists sell Cicfa at 1s. 3d. and 3s.)** There is NO SHORTAGE of CICFA, which you CAN OBTAIN from ALL CHEMISTS, or if there is delay, from us, on receipt of Postal Order or Stamps.

THE CICFA COMPANY,
8a, Duke St., Manchester Sq., London.

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Cicfa in United States. 50 Cent Size from Capsuloid Co., Morristown, New York State.

JOHN BULL, 17.5.19.

CRAYOL CIGARETTE CARTOON—No. 7.

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Who, daring all, won victory at last
And wrote a chapter in her noble story
Outvying all the splendours of the past.
A dauntless hero who, when hope seemed gone,
Lit up his CRAYOL, smiled, and carried on!

CRAYOL
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

The only match for a CRAYOL is the one you light it with.

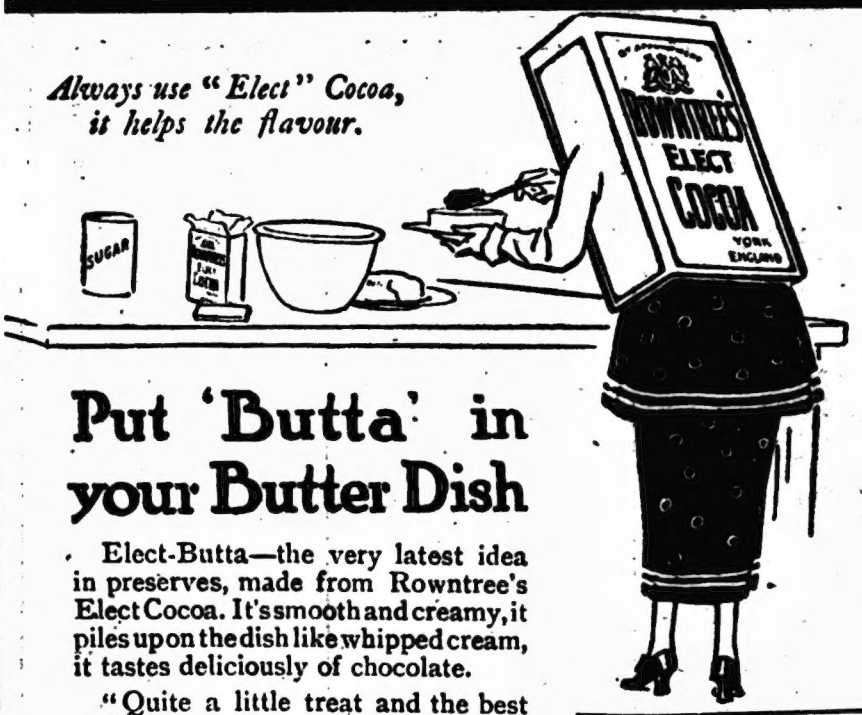
Those who like a cigarette made of Oriental tobaccos should also try "KARAM," 10 for 6½d.; 20 for 1s. 1d.

Manufactured by MAJOR DRAPKIN & CO., LONDON. Branch of the United Kingdom Tobacco Company, Limited.

10 for 5½d.
20 for 10½d.

P.C.B.—56

Always use "Elect" Cocoa, it helps the flavour.



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"Quite a little treat and the best change for a long time," writes one delighted Butta user.

Just take the tin of "Elect" off the shelf and make some now. It won't take you ten minutes, and its cost is less than 1/- lb.

Rowntree's ELECT Cocoa

THE POPULAR FOOD-BEVERAGE.

HOW TO MAKE ELECT-BUTTA.

Take half oz. (two teaspoonfuls) Rowntree's Elect Cocoa, two ozs. margarine, two ozs. fine granulated sugar.

Beat the margarine until soft and creamy, gradually add the sugar and cocoa mixed together. Beat well until the mixture is quite smooth and creamy. If sugar is coarse dissolve in one tablespoonful of water before adding cocoa.

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